

سكروان الاصل

Saturday September 19 1998

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Edinburgh E 5.50		
Frankfurt F 5.50		
Geneva G 5.50		
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The Guardian

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Inside Saturday Review: Confessions of an ex-lefty by John O' Farrell

Every father's dream
Why daddy's girl has become the latest PR fad
Saturday, page 16



Sky-high expectations
Ferguson holds the loyalty card
Sport, page 19



Japanese depression
The silence of the empty sushi bars
Finance, page 12

Clinton: now it's trial by TV

REPUBLICAN Congressional leaders in Washington took the gloves off yesterday, ordering Bill Clinton's testimony to be televised. The move sent the capital into a frenzy as the enormity of the decision, which could pave the way for the impeachment of a hitherto popular president, sank in.

Overriding Democrats' objections, Republicans voted to release the 4 1/2-hour videotape of Mr Clinton's testimony to the Monica Lewinsky affair for transmission on Monday. They served notice of a no-holds-barred battle to drive Mr Clinton out of the White House.

As the House Speaker Newt Gingrich gave his clearest warning yet that he is prepared to push for impeachment, the Republican majority on the House of Representatives judiciary committee voted to release the video and 2,700 pages of additional material assembled by the independent counsel, Kenneth Starr, during his eight-month investigation.

The timing provides a further humiliation for the president. It will be released at 8am Washington time on Monday, almost at the same time as Mr Clinton is due to address the United Nations in New York and participate in a "third way" seminar with Tony Blair. This will now be eclipsed by the broadcast of

the president's sexual misconduct. The White House condemned the decision as unfair and partisan, but Mr Gingrich suggested Monday's revelations will be only the start of a legal process. "We will let the facts lead us where they lead us," Mr Gingrich told a Christian Coalition rally in Washington. "We will do our duty. We won't rush to judgment, and we won't refrain from judgment."

The judiciary committee will now discuss what action to take after the Starr Report. "It wouldn't surprise me if we met the first week of October to decide whether to recommend to the House a full impeachment inquiry," Congressman Lamar Smith said. Yesterday's decision followed 2 1/2 days of argument on the polarised committee chaired by the Republican congressman Henry Hyde. The committee held 140 votes on making "redactions" before the evidence is unveiled, largely on the grounds of sexual explicitness.

Mr Hyde claimed after the debate that "the spirit of bipartisanship is alive". But the Democratic congressman Barney Frank accused the Republican majority of "unilateral bipartisanship". Public opinion remains opposed to the release, with 67 per cent of Americans saying it was a bad idea, against only 28 per cent who approved. But Mr Gingrich and his party believe exposure of Mr Clinton's evasive testimony will reduce his continued high job approval ratings and help to prepare for a full impeachment inquiry. Republican leaders kept up personal attacks. While Mr Gingrich insisted, "This is a constitutional challenge", the Republican Senate leader Trent Lott said: "There is no constitutional crisis. There is only a Clinton crisis in this city."

The Clinton crisis, pages 4; Mark Lawson, page 8; Leader comment, page 9

Social workers face new care rules

David Brindle, Social Services Correspondent
THE Government is to take powers to force social workers to deliver a new deal for 51,000 children in care after inspectors reported a "sorry picture" of repeated failure across the country. Frank Dobson, the Health Secretary, will on Monday read the riot act to local authority leaders at a closed conference in London. The message will be that councils have been given every chance to do right by the most vulnerable children in society, but have failed. Social services departments will be brought under central monitoring and required to meet targets for improving the lot of children in care. Councils will be told they will be accountable if things go wrong. Denise Platt, chief inspector of social services, said: "If you take responsibility for a child, you are not expected to exercise your duties in the half-hearted way we have found in many cases." The tough approach has been triggered by inspections of 27 English social services authorities, none of which received a clean bill of health. All said they had proper safeguards in place for the welfare of children. The inspections followed concern about safeguards in the wake of emerging revelations of widespread abuse of youngsters in the past, and the issuing of an ultimatum to authorities to ensure that nothing of the kind could recur. The report of the inspections concludes: "None of the



Fish on the market... A work by Damien Hirst called Alone Yet Together, comprising 100 fish, a cabinet and a few gallons of formaldehyde, is among the works of art going up for auction at Christie's next month



PHOTOGRAPH: MARTIN ARQUES

Gordon and Sarah set their wedding date

Lucy Ward, Political Correspondent
LABOUR'S five early pledges have been extended to six: the Chancellor Gordon Brown is to marry his girlfriend Sarah Macaulay next summer. Close friends say Mr Brown agreed during their holiday in America last month to a summer date for the wedding, in June. The arrangement ends months of speculation over when Mr Brown, aged 47, would marry Ms Macaulay, 34, his partner for more than three years. She is co-founder of the PR company

Hobbs & Macaulay. They met four years ago. Mr Brown has always refused to comment on persistent rumours of marriage. There were suggestions that the relationship was little more than a convenient means of fending off awkward questions about his long-standing bachelorhood, and speculation that the Chancellor's real love was Prudence, the star of so many of his speeches on economic policy. A reluctance to name a day has exposed the Chancellor to occasionally intrusive probing about his private life. In January of last year

In February the rumour-mill claimed that the Chancellor was refurbishing his constituency home on the Firth of Forth. Whatever the venue and date, the event is certain to be the most high-profile New Labour match since the wedding in January of the Chancellor's adviser Ed Balls and Pontefract and Castleford MP Yvette Cooper. The next occasion on which the couple will appear together will be the New Statesman party at the Labour Party conference in Blackpool. Helio may already be arranging a photo opportunity.

Asked whether they planned to marry, an aide said that, as with his tax plans, Mr Brown could never say never.

IRA men share in jail payout

John Mulloy, Ireland Correspondent
THE Government paid out £76,000 to republican prisoners at the Maze in recompense for property damaged during cell searches after an IRA escape tunnel was discovered last year, it emerged yesterday. Peter Robinson, deputy leader of the Democratic Unionist Party, who revealed the payouts, was furious. He said they proved the Northern Ireland Office cared more for terrorists than victims. He contrasted the payments to the difficulties faced by Michelle Williamson, aged 31, in winning compensation after the murder of her parents in the IRA's bombing of the Shankill Road in October 1983. Ten people died, including a bomber, Thomas Begley. Ms Williamson, who has an eight-year-old son, Craig, was forced to leave her job as a civil servant on medical grounds after the deaths of George Williamson, 63, and his wife, Gillian, 47. After a five-year wrangle, the NIO told her this month that she qualified only for the reimbursement of her parents' funeral expenses. Among those benefiting from the payouts to IRA members is Sean Kelly, Begley's accomplice and murderer of Ms Williamson's parents. He received nine life sentences plus 25 years, but will be freed within two years under the accelerated prison release programme, which forms a key part of the Good Friday Agreement. The scheme has so far seen 24 terrorist prisoners freed. The first five murderers to benefit were released from the Maze yesterday. Mr Robinson said: "It is a scandal when prisoners return to page 2, column 1

Inside

Britain Protest over racist posters 5 Weather 5	Green groups back farmers 5 Muir backs Blair 5	World News Tibetan under fire for killings 7 News in brief 7	News Focus Floods that bring misery 6 Business News 11	Letters, Leader Comment 9 Opinion 8-9 Crosswords 12, 24
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The Queen enters the Jame'Asr Hassanil Bolkiah mosque during the second day of her state visit to Brunei

Later, the Foreign Secretary, Robin Cook, and his wife Gaynor arrive at the state dinner at the Sultan's palace

PHOTOGRAPHS: SCOTT VIV and ED WRAY



Queen's visit to Sultan goes with a swing

Nick Hopkins on free and easy style of the royal trip to Brunei

THE Queen finished the second day of her state visit to Brunei in much the same mood as she started it, joking with guests at a lavish state banquet, and showing a good humour which royal watchers have not seen in years.

The dinner was the most formal occasion of the trip, but earlier in the day she kept her promise to meet ordinary people at work, and her enthusiasm did not fail, despite the humidity and high temperatures.

Are you at school? she asked the Sultan's youngest son, Prince Abdul Mateen, as she was welcomed to his

Majesty's elaborately decorated home last night. Without waiting for an answer, the Queen continued enthusiastically: "I'm rather glad I'm not at school. It's all so complicated these days. There's so much to learn, and I can't write any more. I can only write on computers. You can rub things out on them," she said, jabbing her finger against an imaginary keyboard. "It's so simple."

The young prince clearly had not expected to be spoken to and stayed mute, but he wasn't the only one to be caught unawares by the Queen's effusiveness.

Earlier in the day, the royal party was taken to Brunei's largest mosque, the Jame'Asr Hassanil Bolkiah. Even by this country's standards, the temple is extravagant, and slightly garish; a gift from the Sultan to the people, it is made entirely of Italian white marble and granite, and has a central dome covered in 24-carat gold.

During her walkabout, the Queen, respectfully wearing foot stockings rather than shoes, was led into a room where a group of women were being given pre-marriage guidance counselling.

The lessons are compulsory in Brunei and are intended to give couples a thorough understanding of the expectations and responsibilities that follow the

Islamic wedding ceremony. The Queen was intrigued, asking her guide, Zaini Ali, who designed the mosque, whether the tuition worked. "She was very impressed with the idea," said Mr Ali. "She was jumping up and down with excitement."

This was an exaggeration, but as the Queen was ushered away, she made a point of turning to the Foreign Secretary, Robin Cook, who has recently married for the second time.

"We should try something like this at home," she said breezily, before moving to chat to some children who were quietly reading the Koran on the carpet.

The Queen later visited Kampong Ayer, an ancient community built on stilts

in the middle of the Brunei River. She arrived in a small police boat, which nudged uncomfortably against a jetty that slanted at a precarious angle as she climbed off, having refused a ride on one of the Sultan's many luxurious motor launches.

At the health centre, the Queen met four local women who were being taught baby food preparation.

She sympathised with them, saying children often did not like to eat things that were good for their health.

"It's hard for mothers," she sighed, looking at one of the liquefied foods. You have to do all the hard work mashing it up."

The day finished with the banquet for 300, but just before the dinner, the Queen

exchanged presents with the Sultan of Brunei in one of his private chambers. The Queen was delighted with her offering, a large green glass bowl engraved with oak leaves and holly leaves, though admitted it was somewhat strange. "It's slightly different," she told him cheerfully. "It makes a change."

The Sultan's two gifts were also surprising. A colour portrait of the Queen made of woven bamboo strips, and a silver Celapa — a traditional case to store betel nuts.

"It needs a government health warning," roared the Duke of Edinburgh. "They (the nuts) turn your mouth red."

To everyone's relief, the Sultan laughed.

Lessons of Lawrence murder 'not learned'

David Pallister

THE father of the murdered teenager Stephen Lawrence yesterday delivered his verdict on the inquiry into the police investigation by accusing the Metropolitan police of ignoring the lessons to be learned from his son's death.

Neville Lawrence warned that if there were no changes to the way the police dealt with the black community, "people are going to turn more to violence."

Speaking on the final day of the first part of the inquiry, Mr Lawrence referred to the case of Michael Menson, the black musician who died after being found engulfed in flames in a north London street in February last year.

Police initially thought he had tried to commit suicide despite his claims of being attacked. This week an inquest jury found he had been unlawfully killed and Mr Menson's family accused the police of racism.

Mr Lawrence said that this showed black families were not being listened to and nothing had changed since his son's death in April 1993. Stephen was stabbed to death on a street in south London by a gang of white racists, none of whom has been convicted.

Mr Lawrence said he had been particularly disappointed with the closing submissions this week of counsel for the three superintendents in the original 1993 murder investigation.

Sonia Woodley, QC, accused Mr Lawrence and his wife, Doreen, as well as their solicitor, Imran Khan, of hindering the police investigation and being partly responsible for the breakdown of family liaison.

"She was more or less not accepting things that had been given in evidence in the last 50 days," said Mr Lawrence. "For people to start to do anything about problems, they have to accept they have failed in order to make changes."

"If they're not doing that at all, the time we have spent here going into evidence will be a waste of time and money."

Closing the session, the inquiry chairman, Sir William Macpherson of Cluny, said that some of the evidence that been heard had been "searing".

He paid tribute to Mr and Mrs Lawrence and also to Stephen's friend, Duwayne Brooks, saying it must have been an "extraordinary experience" to have to relive events of the last five years.

Earlier, Sir Macpherson, QC, on behalf of Mr Brooks, 23, said that the Met was still in denial over racism in the force.

He said that Mr Brooks, a key eyewitness, had been racially stereotyped and the Crown Prosecution Service had tried to criminalise him. Mr Brooks was still suffering from post-traumatic stress syndrome because of the racist way in which he was handled, Mr Macpherson said. "His life has been shattered."

'If there is no change in the way police deal with the black community, people will turn to violence'

Mr Brooks picked out two of the five suspects in identification parades. But his evidence was fatally undermined when a police sergeant claimed that Mr Brooks told him he had been tipped off by friends about their appearance.

The evidence of Sergeant Christopher Crowley led the Crown Prosecution Service to discontinue the case against the five.

At the private prosecution trial of three of the suspects in 1996, the judge ruled Mr Brooks' account inadmissible. The trial then collapsed.

Mr Macpherson claimed that Sergeant Crowley "was either lying about or misunderstood much of what Duwayne Brooks said to him."

Next week, part two of the inquiry starts into the lessons to be learned for the investigation and the prosecution of racially motivated crimes. Sir William's report is expected at the end of the year.

Shell closure of HQ may cut 2,000 jobs

David Gove
Industrial Editor

SHELL, the world's second largest oil company, yesterday announced a week of gloomy economic news by announcing plans to close its British headquarters with the loss of up to 2,000 jobs.

As British manufacturing firms disclosed plans for over 500 more redundancies, Shell warned that its profits would be hit by the global economic slowdown and that oil prices, already at a 25-year low in real terms, would stay depressed for up to three years.

The restructuring plans by the company, widely seen as a slumbering giant long overdue a shake-up, brought renewed Conservative attacks on Labour's economic policies.

As Downing Street reiterated Tony Blair's view that the UK could not be sheltered from the "twists and turns" of global economic forces, William Hague, the Tory leader, said the Government should change course.

"It is all very well for the Government to blame these problems on the rest of the world, but every major decision made by Labour since the general election has made circumstances more difficult for British business and British jobs," he said.

Mark Moody-Stuart, chairman of Royal Dutch Shell, split out the company's deteriorating prospects around the world in a speech to San Francisco analysts. He announced that the company was to close its four national head offices in Europe — in the Netherlands, France and Germany as well as in London. The continental offices employ 2,200.

Oil slick

Founded in 1897 in east London by Marcus Samuel

Merged in 1907 with Royal Dutch Petroleum to form Royal Dutch Shell, with the United Kingdom side taking the 40 per cent stake it still holds today

Worth £83.3 billion

Pre-tax profits in 1997 were £9.3 billion

Employs 101,000 worldwide

Shell-Mex House, the landmark Art Deco building overlooking the Thames, is to be sold or leased. The refurbishment of the building, built in 1933, is listed.

It has been home to some 2,000 employees, who reacted with a mixture of anxiety, disappointment and relief as Shell insisted that not all jobs were at risk. Three hundred exploration staff will transfer to Aberdeen and others are likely to cross the river to Shell Centre, International headquarters in the UK, but company officials admitted redundancies were inevitable.

Mr Moody-Stuart has been under pressure from investors to streamline Shell's operations to match the progress made by BP under Sir John Browne, who last month announced plans to create a rival to Exxon and Shell through a \$58 billion merger with the US firm Amoco.

Mr Moody-Stuart provoked a widespread feeling among industry analysts that Shell had been too optimistic about its prospects, notably failing to react swiftly enough to shut down overextended assets in the Far East.

Admitting that writing down such assets was under consideration, Mr Moody-Stuart said the business environment in the second half of 1998 would be significantly worse than in the first six months and crude oil prices could remain depressed at \$12 to \$16 a barrel for two or three years.

Shell, whose net earnings fell 17 per cent in the second quarter, recently announced it would merge its European oil refining and petrol station business with Texaco in a plan to save \$200 million, and yesterday it promised a further restructuring of its assets, which range over 130 countries.

In May Mr Moody-Stuart said Shell's target was to raise its return on capital employed to 12 or 12.5 per cent but he admitted yesterday that the squeeze on profit margins meant the outcome would be well below this. Analysts expect it to achieve just 10 per cent, compared with BP's 14 per cent, and renewed pressure on the oil giant to pull itself out of the mire with a spectacular move.



Shell-Mex House, British HQ, which is to be sold or leased

PHOTOGRAPH: MARTIN GODWIN

Unions furious at 46pc rise for Woodhead

Rebecca Smithers
Education Correspondent

THE Government yesterday defended its decision to reappoint the chief inspector of schools and award him a pay rise of up to 46 per cent, after a storm of criticism from teaching unions who have been told to exercise restraint in their own pay demands.

Education and Employment Secretary David Blunkett confirmed that he has reappointed Chris Woodhead — originally chosen by the Tories to head a tough schools inspections regime — for a further four years until 2003.

Mr Woodhead's basic annual salary of £98,000 has been boosted by 34 per cent to £131,000. He is also being offered a performance bonus of up to 10 per cent, a total package of £136,000.

Mr Blunkett, who signalled that Mr Woodhead would introduce a "lighter touch" inspections regime for schools, said the pay rise was large but justified.

"It is well below things like the regulator, the Higher Education Funding Council, and very many other similar bodies."

But the teaching unions, who launched a campaign yesterday to increase pay in the profession to combat flagging morale, said their members would be furious at the award. The reappointment had made the Government's stance on public sector pay incomprehensible.

Government sources said they had decided to bring forward the announcement to clear the air after a series of leaks, but Nigel de Gruchy, general secretary of the National Union of Schoolmasters/Union of Women Teachers, said: "It is incredibly bad timing, coming one day after the TUC and on the day unions have submitted a pay claim on behalf of 500,000 professionals. More than half of teachers are stuck on a maximum salary of £23,000. A

3.2 per cent rise was recommended by the review body and the Government reduced that to 2.5 per cent. You can't have one rule for the rich, and one for the poor."

Doug McAvo, general secretary of the National Union of Teachers, said Mr Woodhead had a long way to go to recapture teachers' confidence. "My advice to him is to spin less and listen more."

The level of his pay increase was what was deserved by teachers.

John Dunford, general secretary of the Secondary Heads Association, said: "It is vitally important that the inspector has the confidence of those who work in education."

Chris Woodhead has been close to the policy-making process of government and is not seen to be sufficiently independent in his judgments."

Don Foster, the Liberal Democrat education spokesman and one of Mr Woodhead's fiercest critics, called the reappointment "an absolute disgrace."

"It ranks alongside his decision to phase the teachers' pay award as the decision most likely to further demoralise an already demoralised teaching profession."

Mr Woodhead, aged 51, yesterday dismissed claims that he would enjoy a "fat cat salary".



Chris Woodhead... 'I think it is a reasonable increase'

IRA men share in £76,000 payout to prisoners

continued from page 1
victims of horrendous terrorist crimes can get more for the loss of their pyjamas and slippers than a woman can for the murders of her mother and father. The world has gone topsy-turvy."

Ms Williamson, from Lisburn, Co Down, who rejected the NIO's offer of funeral expenses, said: "I want the

people to know how Northern Ireland is treating its victims. It was a bloody insult to wait five years, only to be told that two lives are worth nothing."

The prison officers' searches took place in H-block 7, where the escape tunnel was found leading to within yards of the Maze's perimeter wall and other republican blocks. Up to 250 received payouts for dam-

age, loss or confiscation of property.

Mr Robinson, who received leaked information, said one prisoner was awarded more than £3,000. Several got £1,000. Those freed from the Maze yesterday included four loyalists, three of them serving soldiers at the time of their crimes, and an IRA member. All had served between 10 and

14 years. Mark Trotter and Robert Kenny, both 34, and from Enniskillen, Co Fermanagh, were convicted of murdering Martin Love, a 24-year-old Catholic. The killing was claimed by the Ulster Freedom Fighters. Kenny was a private in the now disbanded Ulster Defence Regiment, and Trotter was with the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers. An-

other ex-UDR soldier, Geoffrey Edwards, 40, was convicted of murdering Sinn Féin election worker Peter Corrigan, 47, in 1982.

Thomas Mair, 33, a building labourer, was sentenced to life for the murder of William McLaughlin, 25, a Catholic father of three, in 1984. Both Edwards and Mair were Ulster Volunteer Force prisoners.

Damien Nicell, 29, from Londonderry, was convicted for the IRA murder of RUC constable Clive Graham, 25, in 1988.

A spokesman for the Prisons Department in Northern Ireland said: "It is widely recognised that a prisoner is entitled to compensation for loss or damage to his or her personal effects."

مكتبة القرآن



Terry Marsh walks among the gravestones at Oosterbeek War Cemetery yesterday, with a beret presented by old comrades of his father, Cpl George Froud (below) PHOTOGRAPH: SEAN SMITH

Goodbye to the father I never knew

John Ezard
on the burial of three men who fell 54 years ago at Arnhem, and the son who found his father

PARATROOPER George Froud was buried at Arnhem yesterday. Three days short of 54 years after his death in war, with a son who had not seen him since the age of three struggling not to cry at his graveside.

As a corporal, he had two more stripes than Steven Spielberg's film hero Private Ryan. At 27, bristling with campaign medals, he was a better soldier.

But he had one lethal disadvantage. He was not fighting in a colorful fantasy. No kindly general ordered him to be plucked from the battlefield. No hand of God was bled out to him.

Instead he died an ordinary soldier's death, holding a stengun in a foxhole, shelled or machine-gunned during the Arnhem landings in the Netherlands, the highest airborne operation in history.

There — like one in every 13 of the soldiers who died at Arnhem, he lay undetected, posted as missing. His foxhole sank deeper and deeper as it was shelled and repeatedly fought over like a first world war trench on the Somme.

His widow, Vera, left their son to search Europe in the hope of finding her husband alive. There was a great whirlwind," his son Terry said yesterday "and some of us were caught up in it."

What makes Cpl Froud exceptional — like Sergeants Lawrence Howes and David



Terry Marsh (back left) following his father's coffin at Oosterbeek, near Arnhem PHOTOGRAPH: JERRY LAMPERT

Thompson, of the Glider Pilot Regiment, who were interred beside him at Oosterbeek War Cemetery — is that his remains have been found. They were discovered in July last year by workmen laying a deep television cable in a private Oosterbeek garden.

They were identified by his dental records, his Border Regiment beret badge and his stengun. The remains of Sgts Howes and Thompson emerged 180 yards away when television cables were being installed in 1994.

So yesterday "these our brothers, Lawrence, David and George", as a chaplain called them, had the only moment of limelight that real soldiers get. They got Christian graves at last in a huge glade of oaks planted at the site of the battlefield at a service of "burial and remem-

brance", with 2,000 people watching, the band of the Dragoon Guards playing and a three-volley rifle salute.

"They arrived as young men in what we now know as the maelstrom of the battle of Arnhem," Britain's ambassador to the Hague, Rosemary Spencer, said in the funeral address. "Few of us can know what it was like. They died for our freedom. This is their family funeral. They would be very proud that so many are here. Today we receive these three soldiers back into our arms."

At the request of Sgt Howes's sister, Sheila Philbrook, the verse Do Not Stand At My Grave And Weep was read over the bodies; but many people it was difficult not to.

Cpl Froud's son Terry Marsh, aged 57, managed it —

though his face was haggard — when his father's coffin was slow-marched through a congregation swelled by the turn-out for this weekend's yearly battle commemorations at Arnhem. He had known about his father's body for only 36 hours.

Earlier, Mr Marsh, a builder from Portsmouth, said: "It has all happened so quickly. I have mixed emotions. I am not sure whether this is the end of a chapter in my life or the beginning of a new one. I have met here so many people who knew my father."

He was adopted by his father's elder sister, Winnie Marsh. Mrs Marsh, too frail at 90 to attend the funeral from her Bournemouth home, said she could never forget the screams of George Froud's widow Vera when she heard he was missing. Mrs Froud left Terry and joined the NAAFI, so as to search for her husband in Europe. Terry said: "My father's sister did a very good job bringing me up. She told me nothing at all about what my mother did. I could not tell you where my mother is or whether she is alive or dead."

Yesterday he was shown the garden where his father was found and presented with his cap badge.

After the ceremony he said the service had been "brilliant" but asked not to be interviewed further. "I feel shaken up," he said. Canon Alan Green, a platoon commander during the landings who knew Cpl Froud, said: "He was an excellent soldier very well liked."

Rhea Shadden, then a 21-year-old German teacher, saw paratroopers suddenly fill the sky over Arnhem on September 17, four days before George Froud died. She was supervising junior school children who had been drafted to dig anti-tank trenches in the town.

"The paratroopers were like giant umbrellas," she said

yesterday. "Some of the older teachers were so frightened that they abandoned the children and ran away."

Mrs Shadden, who married a British soldier, is a 75-year-old widow who now lives in Fyfe, Scotland. "I get gooseflesh when I think that I may have seen Cpl Froud's glider bringing him to his death. It is an unbelievably belittling feeling. Only those who have been in war as soldiers or civilians can know what it was like."

PHOTOGRAPH: JERRY LAMPERT

Drugs check urged on cycle team's 'dairy food'

Steven Downes
in Kuala Lumpur
and Vivek Chaudhary

IT IS the first thing that a newborn baby will taste and its nutritional content is considered vital to ensure a healthy start to life. But few would expect a mother's breast milk to be at the centre of an international sports scandal.

Calls were issued yesterday for an investigation into the effect of colostrum, a yellow fluid new mothers produce in their breast milk, on athletes after it emerged that it is being given to members of the Australian cycling team at the Commonwealth Games in Malaysia. The yellow sticky substance, which is also produced by animals, contains a growth hormone banned by the International Olympic Committee.

Team members are being given colostrum from cows in an experiment approved by Australian team officials. Its use in sport had not been heard of until now.

The substance, rich in proteins and immunoglobulins, is thought to be ideal for building resistance to infection, something which athletes are prone to when training heavily.

Colostrum also contains the growth hormone IGF-1, used by athletes to aid body building but on the IOC's list of banned substances.

Colostrum helps to repair damaged tissue, releases other hormones and promotes the production of cells. When taken by newborn babies it helps to activate hormones and to immunise them against infection.

This year a laboratory in Adelaide has been testing the effects of colostrum extracted from cows' milk on cycling team members. The trial has been approved by an ethics committee of Adelaide University, which has helped to formulate the experiments.

Peter Barnes, the Australian cycling team doctor, said: "Our general impression is that there has been less illness. It does seem to have beneficial effects on resistance levels and we would encourage its use in these heavy training phases."

The British Olympic Association yesterday called for an investigation into the use of colostrum. Simon Clegg, head of the BOA, said: "I have never heard of it being used in sport before. The fact that it is pharmaceutically extracted worries me. Some serious work needs to be done on its impact on athletes."

Michelle Verroken, head of the anti-doping unit at the UK Sports Council, said: "We have to ask whether the use of colostrum is a legitimate scientific advancement for sport, or cheating."

Dr Barnes, who is chairman of the Australian drugs in sport committee, said he would not administer any banned substances. "The colostrum we are giving team members is a dairy product, not a drug," he said.

Some cycling team members are understood to be anxious about the uncertain status of colostrum, following the drug scandals in their sport in recent months.

The use of colostrum highlights the use of biological compounds. With steroids easier to detect, many sportspeople are turning to substances that are naturally produced by the body and harder to detect.

The use of colostrum comes as Australian officials prepare to implement the most rigorous drug testing regime for the 2000 Olympic Games in Sydney. Australian officials have called for athletes importing or taking performance-enhancing drugs to be treated in the same way as those caught in possession of drugs such as heroin.

Games reports, Weekend Sport page 24

Asian fur coats thickened with human hair, say protesters

Suzanne Goldenberg
in New Delhi

JUST when the fashionable thought it was safe to wear fur again, an Indian environmentalist has uncovered a huge world market in human hair, and says much of it is used to thicken the pile of cheap fur coats produced in South-east Asia and the Middle East.

India's trade in human hair was an open secret until recently, when local people in the west Delhi suburb of Jwalapuri, where the industry is concentrated, complained to municipal authorities.

"They were finding hair everywhere. On their tooth brushes, in their water — it just flies into noses and mouths," said Iqbal Malik, director of Vazvaran (Environment), which spent three months studying the trade.

It is even worse in the evenings, when the 150 hair warehouses at Jwalapuri set fire to reject clumps of hair, creating a stench so nauseat-

ing that it overpowers even that of the open sewage canal running beside the market.

Next week the Delhi high court is to decide whether to uphold a ban by the city's pollution control committee against the hair warehouses, where the hair, mixed with scraps of paper and dirt, is heaped into 15ft-high piles and left in the open air.

Here, in the shanty town along the drain, ragged men arrive with burlap sacks of hair, unloading it to be picked over and cleaned by women and children. It is hard to imagine more disgusting work. It is impossible to emerge from even a brief visit to the depots without being coated with hair.

However, Ms Malik argues that the export of human hair, mainly to the Philippines and the Middle East, is too lucrative to be easily stopped.

She says the larger traders earn up to 100,000 rupees (£1,450) a month collecting and sending off sackloads of hair for export from Bombay.

Within the past year the volume of trade has increased: the hair market now produces 10,000 sackloads a week, each weighing 220lb.

Though the choicest tresses are reserved for local wig makers, the rest is processed abroad, where pigment is extracted for hair and fabric dyes, and proteins such as keratin is used for animal feeds.

Aside from furs, where the human hair is sewn into the pile, the hair is used to stuff quilted jackets, for cosmetic brushes, and for dolls. Only entirely grey heads of hair are rejected.

"If it's a finer hair, it looks exactly like a seal coat," Ms Malik said. "If people wear fur coats, and it is put in their heads that it might be human hair, then maybe they won't buy it, and we might be able to save the seals also."

The hair is gathered mainly by Dalits (formerly Untouchables) or Muslims, who are too poor to be bound by Indian cultural traditions that decree hair shavings are a

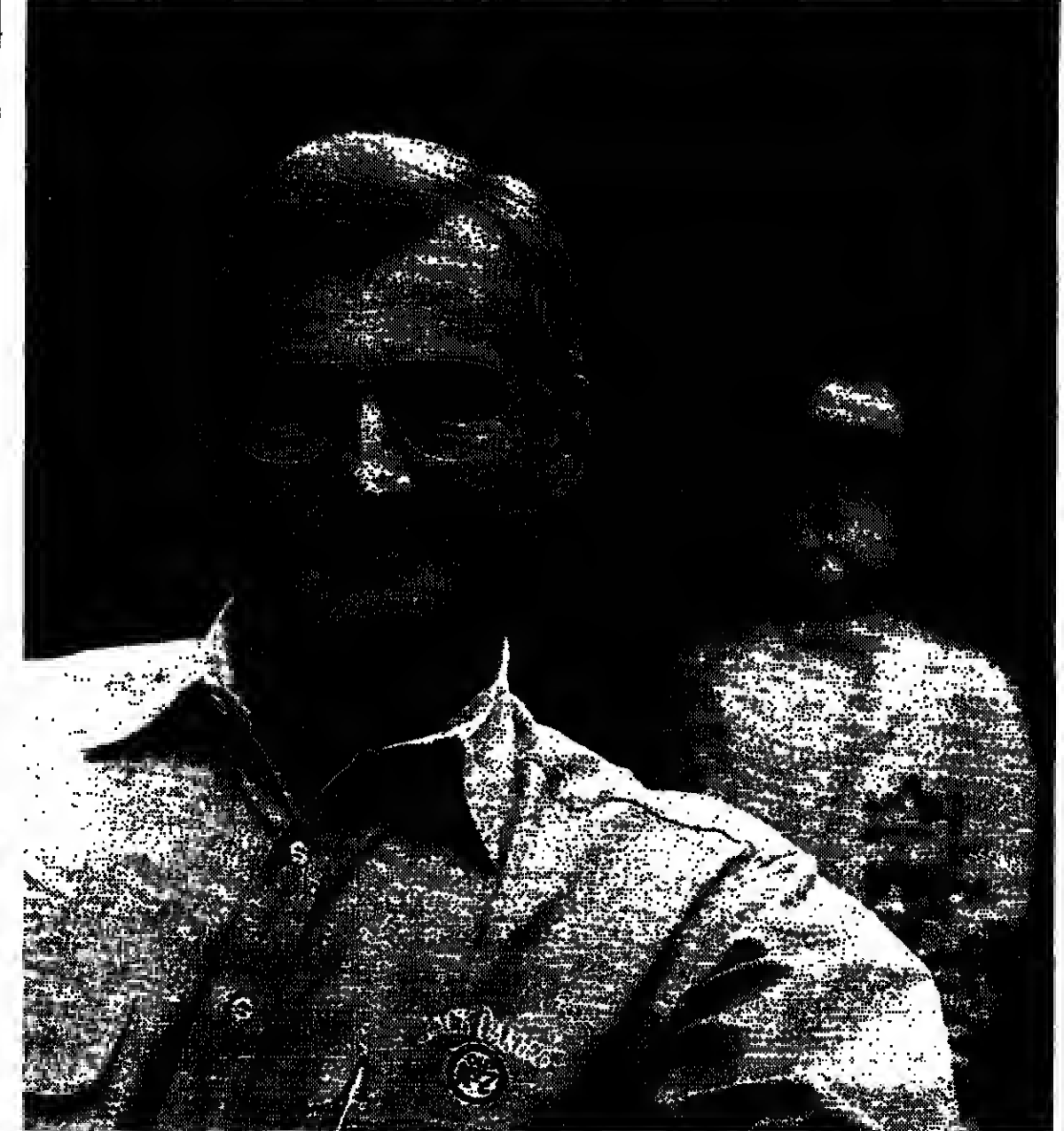
source of spiritual contamination.

The hair collectors are paid 10 rupees (14p) a kilo for sweeping up the leavings of barber shops and hair dressers, or by roaming city slums and trading hair for sweets.

They are outraged at the ban, arguing that their livelihood should outweigh middle-class concerns about the environment. "Now I don't have any shoes to wear," said Ram Lal, lifting up the edge of his torn rubber flip-flops. "I don't even have tea leaves."

Environmentalists say the trade exposes a woeful lack of regulation of industry. Until July there were no laws controlling the disposal of hospital waste, including used syringes and bandages.

"In India almost everything is sold," said Ravi Agarwal of the environmental group Sriшти (Nature). "The industries which produce waste do not take responsibility for it, so the cost is not born by the polluter but by someone else."



If you're a friend of Jack Daniel's, drop us a line at the Jack Daniel Distillery, Lynchburg, Tennessee 37352 USA. Or visit us at www.jackdaniels.com

IF YOU SEE THIS MAN at your neighborhood pub, you're bound to learn something you didn't know about Jack Daniel's.

He's Jimmy Bedford, our head distiller, and he loves to travel around telling folks all about our whiskey. (Jimmy can probably talk more about Jack Daniel's than any man alive.) He's always happy to discuss the Grade A grain we use, or our copper stills, or the way we mellow each drop through hard maple charcoal. And from what we've seen, folks who appreciate a smooth-sippin' whiskey are always happy to listen.



JACK DANIEL'S TENNESSEE WHISKEY

هكذا من الأدب

The Clinton crisis

'If this is bipartisanship, the Taliban win the prize for religious tolerance. It was civil, but it wasn't bipartisan'
Barney Frank, senior Democrat on the House Judiciary Committee

Hillary talks the talk but avoids the big issue

THE FIRST LADY: Many aides think the president's future rests increasingly on his wife's poise. No event is too insignificant if it gives her an excuse to speak about something else

Julian Borger
in Washington

THERE was a small podium under an awning, a few rows of plastic chairs on a patch of open grass and an audience of about 40 who had turned up to watch yesterday's opening of some tennis courts — not a major date in Washington's social calendar.

But no event is currently too small for Hillary Rodham Clinton if it allows her to speak about the issues she believes count, and offers her a reasonable excuse not to speak about the one issue she insists on avoiding.

The First Lady seems to be talking everywhere — about education, investment in Africa and sport for the poor. But the more she talks the clearer it is she is not going to address her husband's sexual

embarrassment.

"This is the way she has decided to go. She wants to focus on the real issues," said one of her advance staff. Even on the day when it was announced the tape of Bill Clinton's testimony would be broadcast, there will be no mention of the troubles.

Her aides say the president's officials have been begging her to produce some more public forgiveness, but

she has so far refused. Stick to the issues, she says. This is the way she has decided to go. Outings like this also mean the press is not scrutinising her body language with Bill. Her staff say she does not have the stomach to be touchy-feely at the moment.

She was 40 minutes late arriving at the tennis courts. The small crowd was sweating, and the school band fingered its instruments nervously. The support speakers — prominent black Washingtonians and Pam Shriver, the tennis star — filled the time by singing the praises of their imminent guest.

Cora Barry, the wife of the city's mayor, Marlon, said her friends Bill and Hillary had met their promises to look after "the least, the lost, and the left-out".

"They didn't just talk the talk, they walked the walk," Mrs Barry said, and the crowd clapped.

Then the First Lady's cavalcade arrived, the black limousines threading their way through the small brick houses and dry gardens of Washington Highlands. The crowd rose to its feet and the band let loose a free-flowing jazz number, polished and confident well beyond their years.

As Mrs Clinton emerged from the limousine, it was clear why so many presiden-

tial supporters believe the whole show now rests on her shoulders. She appeared supremely poised, in a chocolate-brown trouser suit and blue mirror sun-glasses. Washington's political society magazine, *George*, has recently complimented her on finding a hairstyle "that works" — a highlighted bob.

But she not only looked chic. Everything she did seemed to say she was warm, friendly and approachable. As the standing ovation went on and on, she waved at faces in the audience whom she seemed to recognise and cherish.

"She is so elegant, so dignified," Larry Brown, one of the event's organisers, said to anyone in earshot, while he applauded almost every phrase of the First Lady's short speech.

The tennis courts are apparently the long-held dream of Mrs Barry who had once driven through the disadvantaged neighbourhood and seen poor children in ordinary shoes playing improvised tennis without proper nets. Now those same children are playing in bright white sportswear on a clutch of spotless green and maroon courts paid for by local businessmen and the city treasury.

"The children of Washington DC are just as smart, just as capable, as able, as the children anywhere in this country," Mrs Clinton said to cheers and whoops.

The only mention of the erring Bill was a plug. He had asked Congress for \$1 billion (\$500 million) for after-school recreational facilities for disadvantaged children, and she won another televised cheer for her husband. At this stage, every one counts.



Hillary Clinton and her husband at a White House dinner this week. Her round of solo appearances means their body language cannot be scrutinised by the press. Her staff say she does not have the stomach to be touchy-feely at the moment

PHOTOGRAPH: STEPHEN JAFFE

White House team is accused of conducting 'sexual McCarthyism'

WITCH-HUNT: Republicans are blaming the president's 'attack dogs' for a conspiracy to leak stories to the media about opponents' past lives

Martin Kettle in Washington

DISCLOSURES that the man who chairs the Congressional inquiry into Bill Clinton's possible impeachment had an adulterous affair more than 30 years ago have sparked fresh accusations of dirty tricks in the Lewinsky scandal.

American tabloids turned on the White House aide, Sidney Blumenthal, prime suspect in the leaks about judiciary committee chairman Henry Hyde, as a former colleague warned of a growing atmosphere of "sexual McCarthyism" in Washington.

Rupert Murdoch's New York Post put a picture of Mr Blumenthal on its front page yesterday under the headline "Bill's Dirty Devil", accusing the former journalist of being the "top White House smearmeister".

The White House defended Mr Blumenthal, who issued a statement denying leaking the Hyde story. Lanny Davis, a former Clinton lawyer, accused Republican critics of conduct that was "close to McCarthyism".

The mutual accusations followed referral of the Hyde leak to the FBI by aides of the House of Representatives Speaker, Newt Gingrich.

Mr Gingrich has long been aware of Mr Blumenthal as a conspiracy theorist of the Republican right's alleged involvement in legal and political initiatives against Mr Clinton.



Revelations about Henry Hyde's (above) past have left many in Congress, including James Moran, wondering how much more will face exposure in the media

"There aren't many people with an ounce of testosterone in them who have the unblemished record that our fifth-grade nuns would have wished for us."

Speaking on behalf of Mr Gingrich, the House chief whip, Tom DeLay of Texas, a strong conservative, accused "the president's attack dogs" of responsibility for the story about Mr Hyde's affair, which appeared in the co-line Salon magazine on Wednesday.

Salon denies any connection.

Mr DeLay admitted he didn't have any evidence that the White House was involved in leaking the story, but he added: "We have reason to believe that top aides that have access to the Oval Office have been orchestrating a conspiracy to intimidate members of Congress by using their past lives."

Mr DeLay cited two tele-

vised accusations made by rightwing commentators that Mr Blumenthal had been trying to place the Hyde affair story in the media in recent days.

Republican Congressman Ray LaHood of Illinois said: "Blumenthal is a sneak. He's out to destroy people's careers and he ought to be fired."

The White House press secretary, Mike McCurry, said opponents were taking advantage of the fact that "our credibility is zero" after the Lewinsky affair and blaming the White House without evidence.

His colleague Joe Lockhart said Mr DeLay and Mr LaHood should not indulge in "rumour, innuendo and anonymous gossip".

Mr Blumenthal issued a statement saying he was "not the source or in any way involved with this story on Henry Hyde". He said he did not "urge or encourage any reporter to investigate the private life of any member of Congress". He added that he had advised against publishing such rumours when asked in the past.

The denials did little to soften a spectacular blow to the battered credibility of the White House and, in particular, Mr Blumenthal, a highly partisan defender of Mr Clinton and biter of the Republican right, with a taste for conspiratorial explanations.

He has close ties to Tony Blair's Downing Street team and is understood to brief the Prime Minister's chief-of-staff, Jonathan Powell, almost daily about the crisis.

The episode left many members of Congress looking over their shoulders to see whether they might be next to be exposed by the media.

Mr Hyde was the third Congressman in less than two weeks whose private indiscretions were raked over by the media, following revelations about his colleagues Dan Burton and Helen Chenoweth.

"We've had three. I figure we've got just about \$32 to go, including me between my two marriages," Democratic Congressman James Moran of Virginia said.

"There aren't many people with an ounce of testosterone in them who have the unblemished record that our fifth-grade nuns would have wished for us."



Newt Gingrich in Washington this week maintaining a pose of business as usual while preparing to drive President Clinton from office

PHOTOGRAPH: LUKE PRAZZA

Player who now calls all the shots

THE ADVERSARY: Newt Gingrich, the House Speaker, is affecting neutrality while controlling the impeachment process... and laying the ground for his White House ambitions in the year 2000

Martin Kettle in Washington

IF BILL CLINTON is the central character in the drama convulsing Washington, the man writing the script is Newt Gingrich.

Feminists may be preoccupied with Monica and Hillary. Gossip-mongers may be diverted by Matt Drudge and Salon magazine. Conspiracy theorists may be riveted by Kenneth Starr and Sidney Blumenthal. But the person who really matters now is Mr Gingrich.

The hunting down of President Clinton has always been highly political, but until a week ago there were other aspects to it too.

Then, on September 11, Mr Starr's report was submitted to Congress detailing the special prosecutor's accusations of perjury and other misdeeds allegedly committed by the president in seeking to conceal an affair with Monica Lewinsky, a former White House worker.

At that point, Mr Clinton's crisis became wholly and explicitly political. And since Congress is controlled by the Republicans, and the leader of the Republicans is the House of Representatives Speaker, Newt Gingrich is the playmaker of the Clinton crisis.

Mr Gingrich underlined his central role in a rare but trenchant set of comments yesterday in a speech to the conservative Christian Coalition.

His words made clear that he is prepared to go all the way in driving Mr Clinton out of office if necessary.

"This is a constitutional challenge," he said. "We in the House will do our duty. We won't do an inch more than our duty for partisanship, and we won't do an inch less than our duty out of intimidation. We will do our duty. We will let the facts lead us where they lead us."

As his remarks indicate, Mr Gingrich has been careful to take, or at least to appear to take, the formal and bipartisan high ground in dealing with the Starr report. He has emphasised that impeachment of a president is a formal and constitutional question, and has gone out of his way to allow the minority Democrats to have equal access to Mr Starr's evidence and to consult them about the process ahead.

At the same time, Mr Gingrich has tried hard not to appear obsessed with the subject. At a press conference on education earlier in the week, the first question he faced was about the scandal. "We in the Congress are actually focusing on substance," Mr Gingrich snapped. "Yesterday, I spent less than 45 minutes on the topic that interests you most."

Over the months, though, Mr Gingrich has spent much

more than 45 minutes plotting the Republican response to the long-anticipated Starr recommendations. Like his Senate counterpart, Trent Lott, Mr Gingrich spent the summer vacation reading widely on impeachment and drawing up his strategy. "He calls all the shots," a senior colleague told the New York Times this week.

Knowing the president is popular and the public mood against impeachment, Mr Gingrich has decided to pursue a gradual, drip-drip strategy on Capitol Hill so that public opinion begins to desert the Mr Clinton.

That is why the Speaker was in favour of prompt publication of the Starr report, on his beloved Internet.

That is why he is now pressing — irresistibly but not with overt haste — for the release of Mr Starr's supplementary materials, including the presidential videotapes.

That is why it is inevitable that, in a few weeks, Republicans will vote for what Mr Gingrich wants, a formal impeachment inquiry.

In the short term, the purpose of this strategy is to ratchet up the tension in advance of the November 3 midterm elections.

Mr Gingrich would like to see the Republicans' modest majorities in the Senate and House increase dramatically. This would also give the party total command of any impeachment process. If he can pull off this trick, Mr Gingrich will turn his attention to another goal — winning the Republican presidential nomination in 2000.

Leader comment, page 5; Mark Lawson, page 9

Latest developments on Guardian website: <http://reports.guardian.co.uk/clinton/>

Man who taped himself into a corner

Martin Kettle in Washington

ALL CLINTON'S decision to give video evidence to the grand jury investigating the Monica Lewinsky affair could be his costliest mistake.

As the House of Representatives judiciary committee decided to release the video and other evidence yesterday, Clinton aides blamed each other for the prospect of viewers watching end-

lessly repeated clips of the president squirming.

Most of the blame is being dumped on David Kendall, Mr Clinton's private lawyer.

He agreed that Mr Clinton would not have to go to the court for his August 17 testimony to the grand jury. If Mr Clinton had testified in person, he would have had to give evidence without his lawyers being present.

Grand jury evidence is traditionally kept secret and if he had testified in person it would have been treated the same as that of every other witness. Although the judiciary committee decided to release much of the grand jury material yesterday, transcripts would have been less vivid than video.

Instead Mr Clinton's lawyers agreed that he would give closed-circuit evidence from the White House with Mr Kendall and other legal advisers present.

Mr Kendall says now that it was Mr Starr who insisted on a videotape, in case some jurors were unable to be present. Mr Kendall says the tape should have been destroyed.

"The only purpose of preserving this videotape after any absent grand jurors viewed it was to ensure its public release and embarrass the president," he said on Thursday.

Mr Starr countered: "We cannot and will not destroy evidence of a crime."

Some White House aides

say that they cautioned against the televising of the August 17 session on precisely the grounds that the tape would eventually be released and become public property.

Mr Clinton was asked this week if he had foreseen the problem.

"I think that I knew that the rules were against it [the tapes' release]," Mr Clinton replied. "But I thought it would happen."

If that is true, he had no one to blame but himself.



مكتبة القرآن الكريم

CRE presses ahead with racist posters despite protest fury

Rory Carroll, Janine Gibson and Vikram Dodd

THE Commission for Racial Equality was engulfed in condemnation last night after running an advertising poster campaign branded the most racist in living memory.

Stunned supporters said they could not believe the commission had paid for three different posters suggesting black people were rapists, orang-utans and deserving of domination.

But the commission said it would defy an Advertising Standards Authority demand to remove the posters and said it would launch the campaign fully on Monday. It said the campaign was a test to test public attitudes about racist stereotyping.

Monday's launch was to reveal the message, asking: "What was worse? This ad, or your failure to complain?"

The ASA is looking at whether the posters breach

the advertising industry's new code of conduct, on grounds of taste and decency, and social responsibility.

MPs and ethnic groups said the commission should be investigated and sacked.

The three posters appear as ads for bogus companies' products, and do not include the commission's name. One poster for a rape alarm shows a white woman sitting on a bus, a black man in the foreground and the slogan: "Because it's a jungle out there."

Another, for sports footwear, shows a black man jumping up to a basketball hoop and an orangutan in identical pose, beneath the caption: "Born to be agile."

The third advert, for an executive recruitment firm, depicts two businessmen climbing a ladder, a white one standing on the hand of a black one, with the caption: "Dominate the Race."

The ASA received complaints within hours of the first poster appearing on Wednesday. After 30 complaints, it asked for the post-

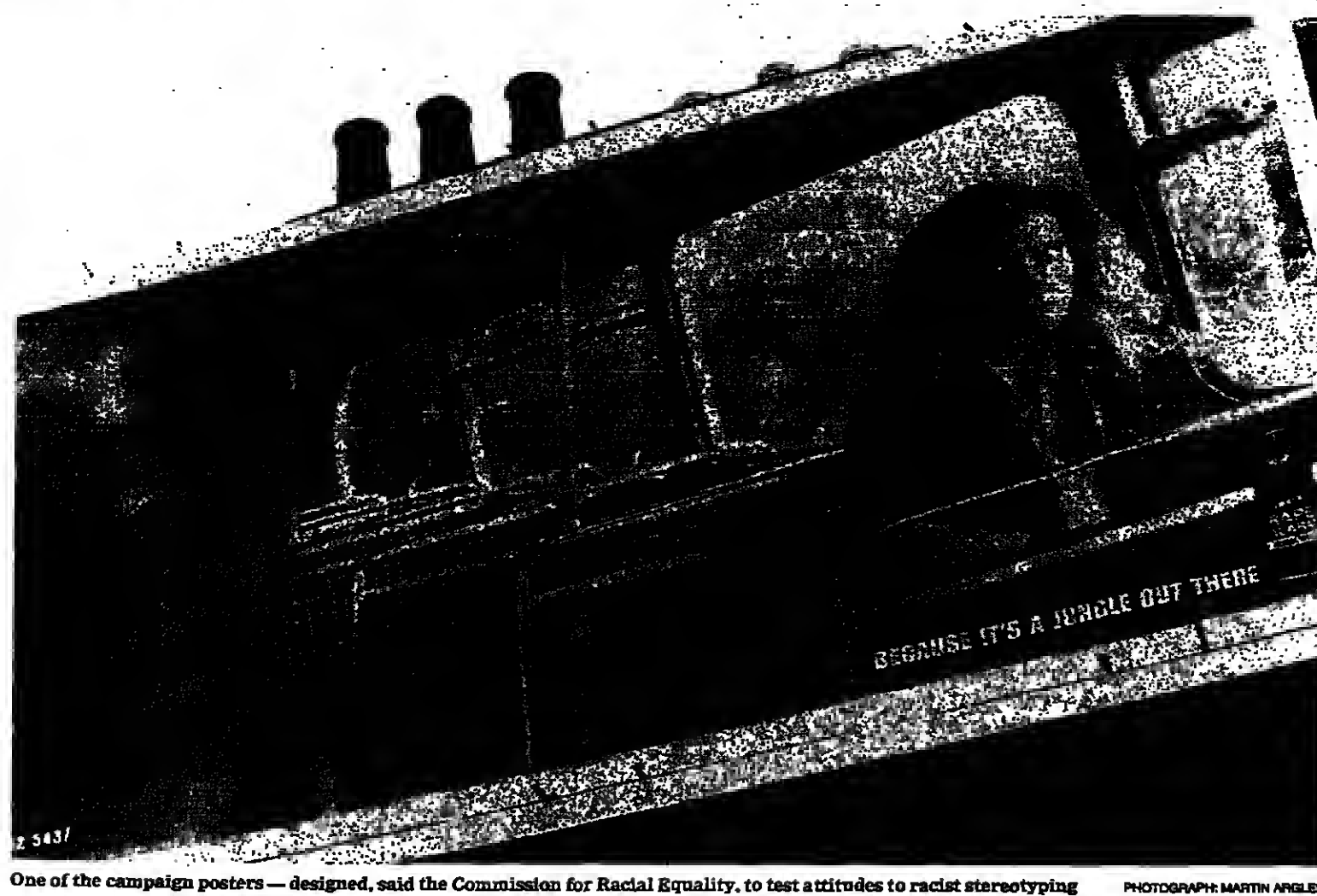
ers to be taken down or covered up. If the campaign is viewed as having breached the industry code, the commission could become the first organisation to have its advertising vetted by the ASA for the next two years.

An ASA spokesman said: "We are disappointed that an organisation which would be the first to ask (us) for help, if this sort of poster was put up by any other body, has not done what we requested."

Piara Khabra, Labour MP for Basingstoke, called for an inquiry. "This government should change the law to make this sort of thing illegal."

Chris Myant, spokesman for the commission, said: "It's a campaign designed to provoke discussion."

Leo Jasper, director of 1980 Trust and a member of the Home Secretary's Race Relations Forum, said: "I don't know who's doing their ads, but the immediate dispensation of these ads is required. It must constitute a breach of the Race Relations Act."



One of the campaign posters — designed, said the Commission for Racial Equality, to test attitudes to racist stereotyping

PHOTOGRAPH: MARTIN ANGLIS

Green groups back farmers Mullin warns left to give Blair a chance

Paul Brown
Environment Correspondent

ELEVEN of the UK's largest environment organisations warned yesterday that large areas of the English countryside would be ruined and wildlife devastated if lowland sheep and beef farmers continued to go out of business.

The plight of stock farmers close to bankruptcy,

who may have to leave land to become derelict, has been highlighted by a previously unheard of alliance between green groups — including English Nature and the National Trust — and the National Farmers' Union.

Allison Lea, from the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds, said: "Grassland grazing is vital for conservation. It has taken 6,000 years of farming to create the landscape... on

which wildlife depends." She said many nature reserves and Sites of Special Scientific Interest relied on farming for their survival.

John Cousins, agricultural policy adviser to the Wildlife Trusts, said: "Some think abandoning land would mean returning it to nature, but our considered view is that that would wipe out many species which need farming to provide their habitat."

Nicholas Watt
Political Correspondent

CHRIS Mullin, the veteran left-winger, issued a blunt warning to his friends on the Labour left last night to give Tony Blair a chance in office and stop demanding "instant results".

The former Bennite said the Government had introduced enormous changes and

"further and greater progress" was on the way. His intervention will be welcomed by the Labour leadership which believes Blairite supporters will get a drabbing from left-wingers in elections to the party's National Executive Committee.

The election battle intensified yesterday when left-wingers rounded on Neil Kinnock, the former Labour leader, after he pleaded with party members not to vote for

"Trotskyites, sectarians and other selfish parasites".

Mr Mullin, who has rebelled against the Government several times in the past year, last night praised the Prime Minister for reforms, including the Welfare to Work programme, the minimum wage, and the Good Friday Agreement.

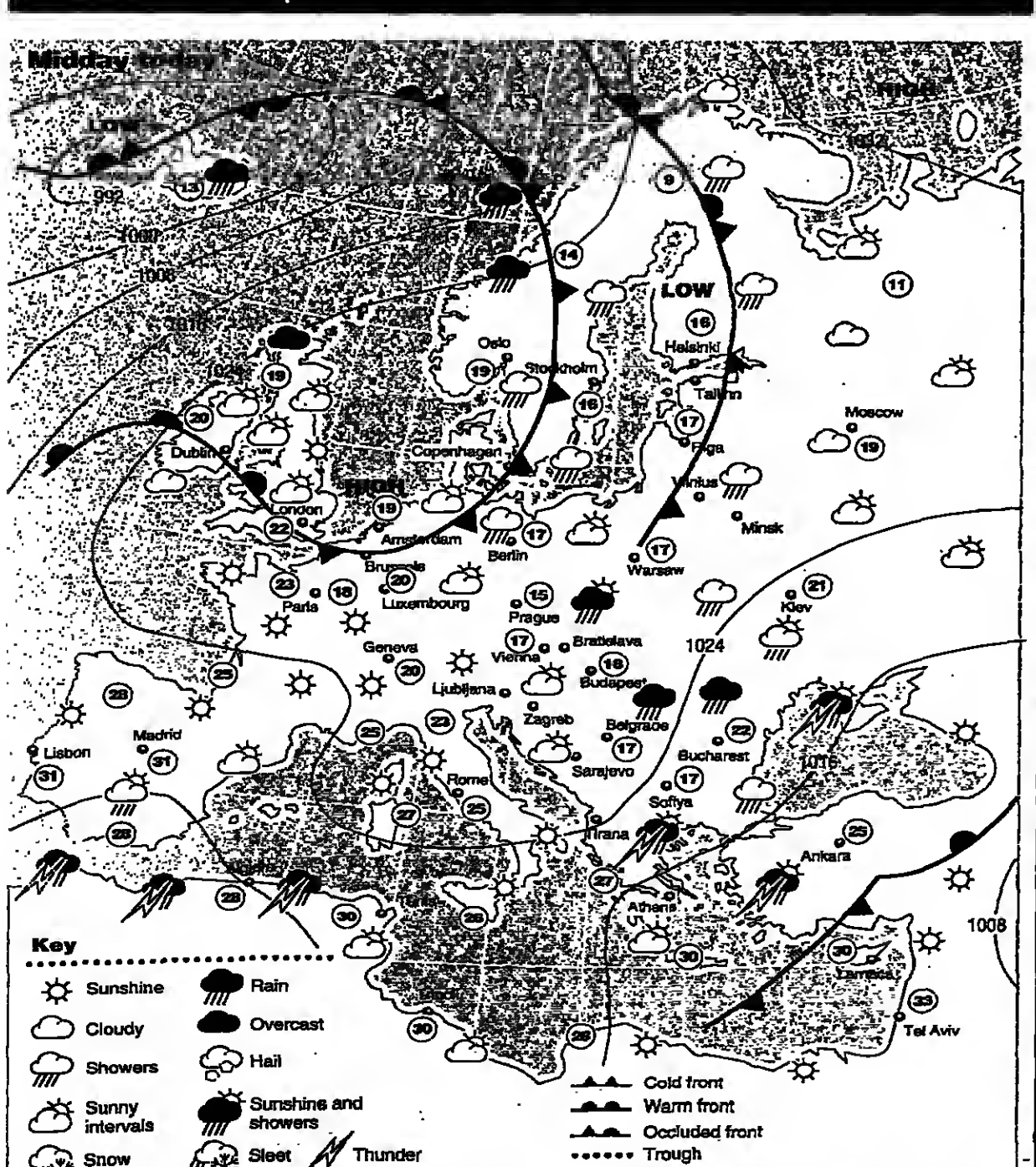
In a lecture to party activists in North Yorkshire, the MP for Sunderland South said: "A lot has changed for

the better over the last 16 months, and if we keep our nerve, there is every prospect there will be... greater progress." He said progress could only come gradually and that Mr Blair should be supported to achieve Labour's first two, full terms. "If we are serious about power we are going to have to drop the habit of demanding instant results and then accusing anyone who fails to deliver of betrayal," he said he was not a "Blair

babe", and criticised both the leadership's "authoritarian streak" and Labour's army of "party doctors". "We can't, please, we could lose on sleaze," he also attacked the Prime Minister for making a "Faustian pact" with the middle classes.

Last night, Mr Mullin insisted that Blair was not designed to influence the NEC elections, and refused to comment on Mr Kinnock's article in the Guardian yesterday.

The weather in Europe



Forecast for the cities

City	Today	Tomorrow
London	19-21	18-20
Manchester	17-19	16-18
Birmingham	18-20	17-19
Cardiff	17-19	16-18
Edinburgh	16-18	15-17
Glasgow	16-18	15-17
Liverpool	18-20	17-19
Newcastle	18-20	17-19
Nottingham	18-20	17-19
Sheffield	18-20	17-19
Southampton	18-20	17-19
Wolverhampton	18-20	17-19

Around the world

City	Today	Tomorrow
Algeria	18-20	17-19
Amsterdam	18-20	17-19
Antwerp	18-20	17-19
Athens	18-20	17-19
Berlin	18-20	17-19
Bombay	18-20	17-19
Buenos Aires	18-20	17-19
Calcutta	18-20	17-19
Cairo	18-20	17-19
Chennai	18-20	17-19
Columbo	18-20	17-19
Dhaka	18-20	17-19
Delhi	18-20	17-19
Dubai	18-20	17-19
Frankfurt	18-20	17-19
Geneva	18-20	17-19
Hong Kong	18-20	17-19
Los Angeles	18-20	17-19
Madrid	18-20	17-19
Moscow	18-20	17-19
Mumbai	18-20	17-19
New York	18-20	17-19
Paris	18-20	17-19
Rangoon	18-20	17-19
Seoul	18-20	17-19
Singapore	18-20	17-19
Tokyo	18-20	17-19
Winnipeg	18-20	17-19

European weather outlook

Cloud and a little patchy rain will clear the Netherlands, Belgium and north-western Germany during the morning, with sunny spells developing later. Elsewhere, it should stay dry with good sunshine, apart from the odd shower over the Austrian Alps. Max temps 16-20C, warmest in the west.

France: It will be a dry day everywhere. The best sunshine will be south of the Loire, but most parts can expect warm periods of hazy sun throughout the day. Only the north-east will have a little cloud during the morning. Max temps 20-24C.

Spain and Portugal: Andalusia will start off breezy with thundery showers, but these should clear away by afternoon with sunny spells developing. Further north, the showers will become isolated and most places north of Madrid will have another sunny and very warm day. Max temps will range from 25-28C on northern and eastern coasts, but will be up to 31-34C inland.

Italy: It will be a fine, dry and sunny day in almost all areas, apart from just the slight chance of a shower in Puglia during the morning. It will be rather breezy along Adriatic coasts. Max temps 22-28C.

Greece: Heavy rain or thunderstorms can be expected for a time. Max temps 26-29C.

Television and radio — Saturday

BBC 1
7.00am The Sunday Morning, 8.00am The Sunday News, 9.00am News, 9.25am The Sunday Show, 10.00am The Sunday Show, 10.30am The Sunday Show, 11.00am The Sunday Show, 11.30am The Sunday Show, 12.00pm The Sunday Show, 12.30pm The Sunday Show, 1.00pm The Sunday Show, 1.30pm The Sunday Show, 2.00pm The Sunday Show, 2.30pm The Sunday Show, 3.00pm The Sunday Show, 3.30pm The Sunday Show, 4.00pm The Sunday Show, 4.30pm The Sunday Show, 5.00pm The Sunday Show, 5.30pm The Sunday Show, 6.00pm The Sunday Show, 6.30pm The Sunday Show, 7.00pm The Sunday Show, 7.30pm The Sunday Show, 8.00pm The Sunday Show, 8.30pm The Sunday Show, 9.00pm The Sunday Show, 9.30pm The Sunday Show, 10.00pm The Sunday Show, 10.30pm The Sunday Show, 11.00pm The Sunday Show, 11.30pm The Sunday Show, 12.00am The Sunday Show, 12.30am The Sunday Show, 1.00am The Sunday Show, 1.30am The Sunday Show, 2.00am The Sunday Show, 2.30am The Sunday Show, 3.00am The Sunday Show, 3.30am The Sunday Show, 4.00am The Sunday Show, 4.30am The 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Floods that have brought misery and mayhem to millions the world over

As British aid agencies launch an appeal to relieve suffering in Bangladesh, **John Vidal** looks at how much has been lost in the country's worst flooding this century and at the huge task ahead

THE government official reels off precise but incomprehensible statistics: 23,458,712. Dead people 1,040. Dead cattle 126,026. Damaged crops 688,529 hectares. Road damaged 11,237km. Bridges damaged 6,552. Schools damaged 1,052. People affected by diarrhoea 251,581. Farmland affected 800,000 hectares. Latrines damaged.

He trails off. No, he can't say exactly how many latrines have been damaged or wells contaminated — or how many people have lost everything. His voice breaking under the enormity of his message, he says Bangladesh, "at this moment is awful. The suffering is intolerable."

The scale of the disaster — 34,000 square miles flooded — is too great to take in, and the effort and money needed to repair the damage are incalculable.

But as the waters of Bangladesh's 13 big rivers and innumerable tributaries slowly subside after more than two months, the problems for one of the poorest countries on earth are just beginning.

Clearly, this year's floods have been the worst this century. Those of 1987 and 1988 also inundated three quarters of the deltaic country, killing far more people. But they started receding after three weeks. This year they started early and never let up.

Every sector of the economy has been affected, says the government. Every farm, schoolchild and worker, will be affected for years. The scenes are pitiful. The

great sheets of water are calm and the panic is now over. Massive human effort has shored up some of the most vital embankments and the roads and railways can relax. But there is still chaos, misery and destruction. Half the city is still inundated and the slums are running with contaminated water. Garbage is piling up, and many thousands of people are living in flood shelters.

Fighting broke out in Dhaka yesterday when volunteers arrived with cooked food at one shelter at the Central Women's University. "It's better to die in the floods than live in such a squalor," said one displaced person, Nurul Islam. "I can barely breathe."

"Miseries are growing as fast as the floodwaters have been receding," said a man taking his sick child to Dhaka's International Centre for Diarrhoeal Disease and Research. The 300-bed centre has admitted an average of 700 patients a day and has set up tents outside to cope. The patients are mostly children.

"Tackling the health problems is now the biggest post-flood worry," said Dr Sudhir Nandy in Dhaka. A spokesman for the aid group Mauchak Bangladesh said diarrhoea, dysentery, enteric fever, hepatitis and respiratory tract and skin infections are the main problems.

The World Health Organisation (WHO) says the country faces a health emergency. More than 4,000 local health teams across the country have so far prevented a major epidemic of diarrhoea but 245,000 people are suffer-

ing from polluted water or rotten food. Ministry of health officials said dry food and drinking water were in short supply.

The country of small farmers now depends on outside help for seeds. Although flood water acts as a rich fertiliser, it is also a perennial curse. Most farmers will harvest nothing this year. Standing crops have been destroyed.

The government believes more than 2.5 million farmers have been hit, and it intends to give out free seeds and other necessities. It has also said it will provide food to every flood-affected family before the next harvest. But with roads destroyed, many will go without.

Agriculture is a priority, says Jahangir Alam of Mauchak. "The sowing periods for many crops are soon. Wheat is a favourite crop after a heavy flood. The usual crop rotation should still be possible. With seeds and a little loan, farmers can nearly make up for the loss."

Bangladesh: the facts

- Population: 129 million
- Area: 147,570 square kilometres
- Population doubling date: 2037
- Capital: Dhaka
- Foreign debt: \$16,135 million
- Life expectancy: 55.9
- Adult literacy: 35 per cent
- GDP per capita: \$240

loss. Vegetables grow well in flood-washed land. But people need seeds.

Thousands of government engineers and health staff, joined by middle-class volunteers, are still working through the night to repair the damage. Of some 150,000 wells thought to have been damaged or contaminated, about 80,000 are now usable and almost 1,500 wells have been sunk in flood shelters. But many thousands of latrines have been damaged.

Economically, the country is in chaos. Production in the huge garment and shrimp industries, vital foreign exchange earners, is thought to be 20 per cent down. The export industry has collapsed

with Chittagong, the main port, blocked for weeks.

Yesterday, the government brought in troops to speed exports and avert a dockers' strike. Distribution of relief goods has been hampered because most roads and railways have been cut off.

This week the government said it would provide working capital to companies, particularly exporters, that had been unable to market their produce. It offered to delay repayment of loans until December.

Worst hit are the poor: rural employment has been largely wiped out; hundreds of thousands of near-destitute landless and others who live on daily wages are jobless.

The social effects are unquantifiable. The government says 235 education institutions have been damaged. But the figure excludes several thousand damaged non-government institutions. Most students in the badly affected areas have lost all their books. "It will take years to catch up," one teacher said.

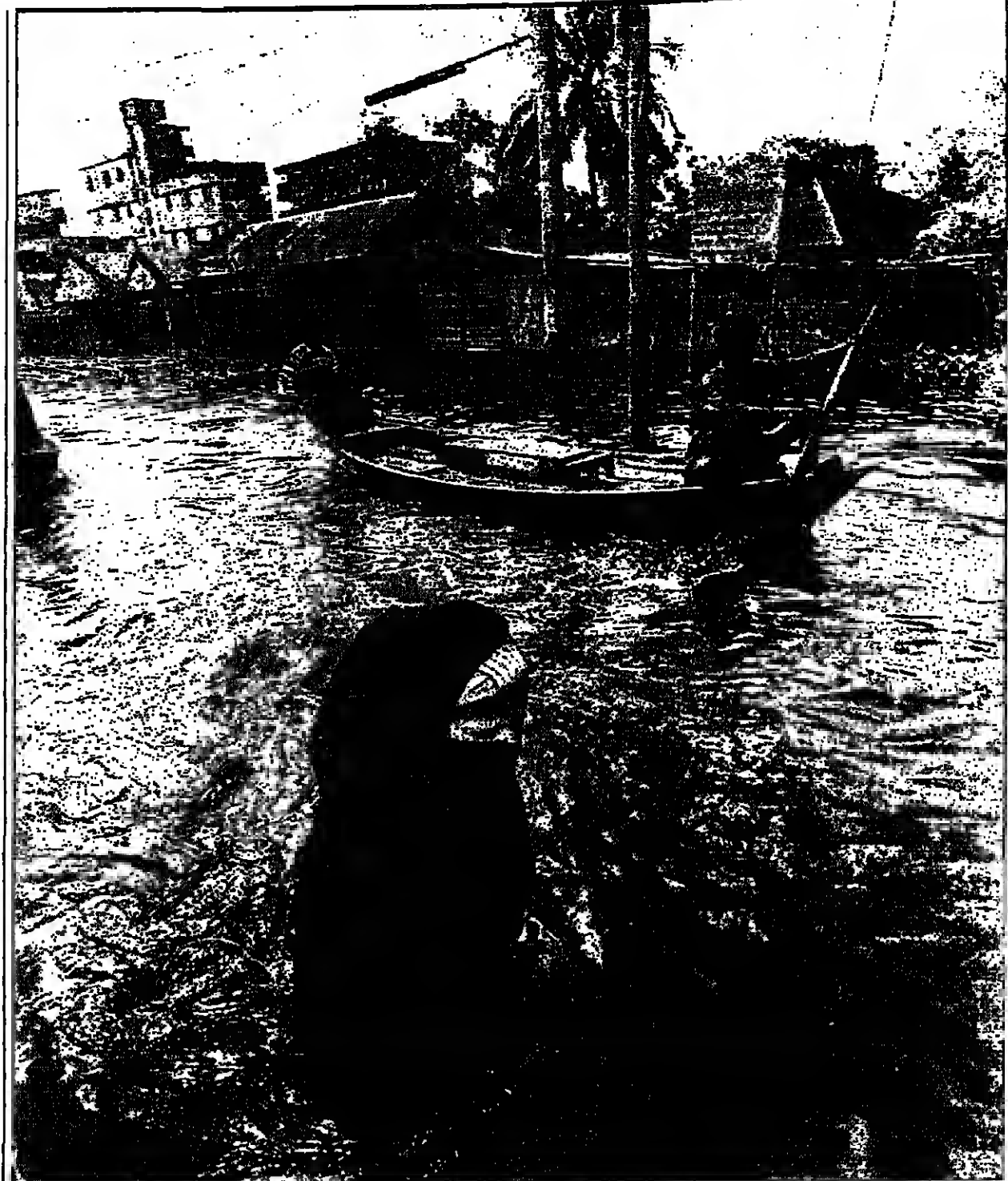
But starvation has been averted. More than 350,000 tonnes of cereals have been bought by the government from India, Pakistan, Thailand, Burma and Vietnam. More than 1 million tonnes of international food aid has been pledged, and the private sector is trying to import 1.5 million tonnes of rice, according to the government.

The first consignment of 15,000 tonnes of United Nations food will reach Chittagong port today, joining eight other ships bringing in rice and cereals.

Repairing damage and preventing future flooding are a priority. The prime minister, Sheikh Hasina, told a rally of flood victims this week that a 30-mile embankment would be built around Dhaka. But she did not say where the money would come from.

The WHO has appealed for \$8.7 million (\$5.2 million) to buy medicines and water purification tablets for up to 35 million people.

The British Red Cross, Christian Aid, Oxfam, Cafod and other charities have launched a major appeal in Britain today (tel: 0800 6000 900). The British government has given £21 million.



A Muslim woman wades through floodwaters in Dhaka, where hunger and disease are now rife. PHOTOGRAPH: SAURASH DAS

As countries as diverse as Belgium, Mexico and China suffer from severe floods, our environment editor looks at the connection between free market economics and natural disasters

THE weather is blamed for wrecking the lives of up to 300 million flood-affected people in the past two months, but free market economics which have greatly increased people's vulnerability to extreme weather may also be responsible.

Disaster experts, development agencies, academics and leading climatologists are beginning to support an emerging theory that the globalisation of economies may be largely responsible for much of the human misery now stalking the planet.

An area the size of Europe has been inundated in Asia and the Indian subcontinent, with more than 15 poor countries trying to alleviate widespread destitution and battling water-related health epidemics. Many other countries are still recovering from long droughts, forest fires and other extreme weather events in the past year.

But climatologists argue that weather is only partly to blame for the growing number of natural disasters. "There is a long-term underlying trend of climate change but no great increase in extreme weather or any greatly increased severity," says Mick Kelly of the University of East Anglia.

"There is a greatly increasing vulnerability of people following over-exploitation of resources, the clearing of forests and changing of river courses," he says.

The floods in China and India have been directly blamed on massive deforestation in the uplands, and giant dams and river control. The Chinese are now planning to replant the hillsides. Forest cover slows or prevents the run-off of water.

Economic trends are critical to understanding natural disasters, says Kelly. Austerity measures, IMF and World Bank structural adjustment programmes and the opening of markets may be good for economies, but they are heightening inequalities, encouraging countries to sell off resources and contributing to

the reduction of protection by governments.

Displacement of people because of development projects and population pressures have also contributed to more marginal people, he says.

"Five years ago 70 per cent of world disasters were related to refugees, and less than 5 per cent were natural. Almost a third of all disasters are now weather-related," says Peter Walker of the International Red Cross in Geneva. The world's leading humanitarian group is presently appealing for funds to cope with weather-related emergencies in more than 25 countries.

"Governments are increasingly unable to support public works, like embankments and flood control," he says. "Private capital has flooded into many poor countries, but it is after the quick buck. It is not interested in public works, social welfare or development projects which can increase people's capacity to cope in crises."

Many flood control systems are now old and the cost of rebuilding or constructing embankments is mounting. At the same time governments are being told to invest more in exports and services, and there is less money available for protection.

"Economic constraints are preventing authorities investing in traditional protection services," says Walker. "They are not being encouraged to think long-term but are moving away from being protectors of citizens. Many traditional areas of government concern are being left to slide."

People's ability to survive natural disasters is directly related to their poverty, says Kevin Watkins, a senior policy adviser at Oxfam.

The IMF and international banks, who set strict economic policy guidelines for heavily indebted countries, are not interested in reconstruction or public works, and often do not take account of disasters, he says.

"They tightly control public expenditure, and in many countries have slashed preventive health and welfare



programmes which would help people cope with disasters.

The economic policies imposed on developing countries by the IMF, he says, are widening the gap between marginal and non-marginal communities. The largest part of the income of many poor countries now goes directly to pay debts. It is money that governments could spend preventing disasters and protecting citizens.

Many countries that are vulnerable to floods, droughts, cyclones and other weather extremes are having to slash preventive health programmes, worsening disasters and epidemics.

IMF-imposed policies in the Philippines have cut public services by more than 25 per cent, and says the government will expose many more people to malaria and almost 2 million more people to TB.

Residents in the flooded streets of Coahuila de Toros, in Chiapas, Mexico, last week, after heavy rain flooded a wide area of the southern state. Nearly 200 people have died in the floods. PHOTOGRAPH: ORIANA ELICAC



society

Every Wednesday in the
The Guardian INTERNATIONAL

سكاي نيوز

Oregon fights to keep death dignified

Christopher Reed on the 'unholy alliance' trying to scrap the state's mercy-killing law

RAY FRANK, suffering from both lung and kidney cancer, was in such pain and breathless, he asked a friend to buy him a shotgun. In the end, however, Frank, aged 66, a computer programmer, did not shoot himself but died in peace because of a "death with dignity" law passed in his home state of Oregon.

Now an alliance of religious fundamentalists and anti-drug warriors in the United States Congress is seeking to rush through a federal bill that would end

Oregon's position as the only place in the world where doctors may legally assist the death of terminally ill patients. The federal law would also place the US behind most advanced countries in the use of opiates such as morphine to ease intense pain.

Since Oregon's law became effective last October, 10 people have asked for drugs to end their lives, and eight have used them. Frank was the first to apply to end his life, but he died naturally before the legal process could be completed. However, the death-with-dignity campaign had enabled Frank to find an oncologist who was prepared to prescribe him morphine to ease his pain — a rarity before the law was passed. His friend Noranne Clayton, whom he had asked for the shotgun, says this brought him peace of mind.

The law's success has demoralised its opponents' main arguments. They said the state would become a magnet for death-obsessed people, that physicians would be tempted to take advantage of the mentally and physically disabled, and that the state would become a centre for drug-induced suicides. Instead,

says Barbara Coombs Lee, a nurse and lawyer who heads the Compassion in Dying Federation of America, the law has operated "exactly how we intended" by offering patients not only "assistance in dying" but "assistance in living".

However, both houses of Congress will vote shortly on the Lethal Drug Abuse Prevention Bill, which would authorise narcotics police to investigate whether doctors prescribing pain-killing barbiturates such as phenobarbitone and Seconal, and opiates such as morphine, were doing so to hasten

death rather than alleviate pain. Doctors say the law would effectively end prescription of morphine.

Ms Coombs Lee quotes a case in Florida where a medical bureaucrat who was also a right-to-life zealot began changing death certificates of people who had died with opiates in their blood. "Relatives who thought their loved ones had died peacefully suddenly realised new death certificates listing it as a homicide," she says. "This could happen all over the country. Physicians would be too worried about a knock on the door by drug agents and the subsequent loss of their licence."

The federal bill was sponsored by an "unholy alliance" of the Roman Catholic Church, Christian fundamentalists and Mormons. The Catholic conference of bishops and the right-to-life anti-abortionists helped to write the bill with the support of Oregon's senator, Gordon Smith, a former Mormon bishop. But they have been surprised by the opposition of doctors, as the American Medical Association is opposed to doctor-assisted death.

Since the Oregon law, the use of morphine has increased in the US, and the state now leads in prescription rates. Previously, US doctors often avoided morphine because it is a controlled substance. But with the death-with-dignity movement's campaigns, the average rate of morphine prescription nationwide has leapt from 884 grammes per 100,000 people in 1992 to 2,132g last year, and 2,655g in Oregon.

It is a remarkable change. In 1994, a study in New York found 86 per cent of doctors caring for cancer patients were not giving sufficient medication to alleviate intense pain. Many doctors fear scrutiny from the Drug Enforcement Administration, and in New York state nearly three-quarters of physicians said they worried about having to use a prescription form that was scrutinised by state authorities.

Although the bill's proponents argue that they do not want to prevent treatment for pain, supporters of Oregon's law believe that is the purpose. Ms Coombs Lee says: "Our opponents hate our law despite — or perhaps especially because of — its success as a moderate but beneficial reform."

Funerals fuel Iran's rage at Taliban

Suzanne Goldenberg
South Asia Correspondent

TENS OF thousands of people accompanied the coffins of Iranian diplomats slain by Afghanistan's Taliban through Tehran yesterday in a public display of mourning that is bound to stoke anger towards the Afghan regime just days before military exercises on the country's border.

But while Tehran gave official sanction to the venting of rage against the Taliban, the fundamentalist militia and its closest ally — Pakistan — struggled to effect a reconciliation.

In Kabul, the Taliban's supreme leader, Mullah Mohammed Omar, appealed to the United Nations to help resolve the crisis. "The problems between Afghanistan and Iran will not be solved under military pressure," he said.

In Tehran, few appeared willing to listen. Crowds chanting "Death to the Taliban" poured out of mosques after Friday prayers to follow the bodies to their resting place near the tomb of Ayatollah Khomeini, the leader of Iran's revolution.

At Tehran University, Zabiullah Bakhshi, a member of the militant Ansar-e Hizbullah group, placed his hand on a coffin and shouted: "We will

get your revenge. We will not let your blood go to waste."

A statement read at the end of the funerals called on Tehran to provide Afghans living in Iran with weapons to "fight the backward Taliban militia in Afghanistan".

In Islamabad, Pakistan's foreign minister, Sartaj Aziz, announced that a diplomat is to travel to southern Afghan city of Kandahar today to oversee the release of five Iranian civilians.

"As a goodwill gesture, the Afghan government had earlier released five Iranian prisoners and had followed it up with an announcement that another five would be released on Saturday," Mr Aziz said.

Iran says the Taliban, which now controls all but a few pockets of Afghanistan, is holding 60 of its citizens on suspicion of arms smuggling. The gesture came as Pakistan announced it was closing its border crossing with Afghanistan to stop Islamic extremists going there to take up arms with the militia.

Pakistan's religious seminary were the finishing school for the student army that now controls almost all of Afghanistan. Under the tutelage of Pakistani and Afghan scholars, the Taliban and local extremists cultivated the extreme version of Sunni Islam that has become



The coffin of Iranian News Agency reporter Mahmoud Saremi, killed with the diplomats, is carried through Tehran yesterday. PHOTOGRAPH BY MOHAMMAD SAYYAD

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News in brief

US defends Khartoum strike amid Arab calls for inquiry

PRESIDENT Clinton's national security adviser yesterday defended the US decision to strike a Sudanese pharmaceutical factory.

In response to calls for an investigation, Sandy Berger said he had "a high level of confidence" that EMBTA, the chemical precursor to the deadly nerve agent VX, was present at the plant in Khartoum destroyed in retaliation for the bombings of US embassies in Kenya and Tanzania.

"I have no less certainty about this — in fact I have more certainty about this than I did at the time that we struck it, based upon subsequent information," he said.

On Thursday the Arab League condemned the US attack, calling it "an act of aggression against Sudan, a dangerous violation of its sovereignty and territory, and a violation of international law". Sudan claims the factory produced only medicines. — AP, Washington.

Peace deal by Kurdish rivals

IRACI Kurd leaders have agreed to set up an elected government by next summer in northern Iraq, after a transitional period of power and revenue-sharing between the two main groups.

"We have closed a sad chapter in the history of the Kurdish people," said Jalal Talabani, leader of the Patriotic Union of Kurdistan, who made the pact in Washington with Masoud Barzani, the head of the Kurdish Democratic Party.

Differences between the two clan leaders have led to repeated military clashes in recent years in what is meant to be a Kurdish safe haven. Western powers set up the protected zone after Iraq's president, Saddam Hussein, unleashed his forces against the Kurds in 1991.

But it remains far from certain that the pact can overcome old rivalries. — AP, Washington.

Diamonds on Swissair flight

A diamond featured in a museum show was being flown to Geneva aboard Swissair Flight 111, which crashed into the sea five miles off Nova Scotia on September 2.

A Swissair spokeswoman said that, in addition to the gem featured in a US Museum of Natural History exhibition, there were 4.4lbs of diamonds on the plane. — AP.

Dirty campaign

A campaign manager for the rightwing Australian One Nation party quit yesterday after a newspaper reported that her phone numbers were the same as those for a "Mistress Amber" who offers erotic services. She alleged a smear campaign. — AP.

Spy released

Israel released to house arrest yesterday an 80-year-old scientist jailed for nearly 16 years for spying for the Soviet Union. Marcus Klingberg, former head of the Nea Zion Biological Institute near Tel Aviv, will serve the remainder of his 20-year sentence at home. — AP.

Make a Career Jump into Fundraising

A career in fundraising will bring you a whole new set of challenges and rewards — one day you could be organising a sponsored bungee jump, the next finalising a deal with a Blue Chip company. The expansion of the voluntary or not for profit sector has created a wealth of exciting opportunities for skilled marketing professionals in a uniquely fulfilling environment.

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There's no Third Way

But keep talking about it

ONLY THE mean-minded will begrudge Tony Blair his trip to New York to attend Hillary Clinton's Third Way conference on Monday. Cerebral activity from serving politicians is unusual. So what if it's squeezed in between photo-calls: the sight of national leaders reflecting on the state of a troubled world will be one warmly to behold. And to those who say, the Prime Minister should be in Spennymoor worrying about factory closures, there's a ready reply. During the past few weeks "globalisation" talk has come to sound a lot less vacuous as controls on movements of capital and currency have been broached. The passivity of nation states in the face of withdrawal by foreign investors comes to look intellectually as well as politically indefensible. If future jobs in Durham are going to be any more secure, there are going to have to be a lot more international jamborees like this one.

Which is not to invest Third Way with any robustness as a political idea. In his

new book this week Professor Anthony Giddens devotes 150-odd pages to it but doesn't really show it amounts to much more than a description of what modern social democrats are actually doing. The fact they are worrying about new things (the environment, family breakdown) as well as income inequality and other things they always cared about does not justify the moniker. Besides, whoever coined it this time round lacks a sense of European history. "When I was a lad," Felipe González remarked sardonically this week, "Franco was the Third Way" — and he wasn't the only Fascist to see political space "between capitalism and communism". Tony Blair has a bad habit of reinventing other people's wheels. If the Third Way is about bringing social democracy up to date, he might have noticed that his fellow members of what used to be called the Socialist International — from Spain, the Netherlands and Germany — have been deviating down it for some time now and might be worth inviting to conferences. Professor Giddens is a social scientist at the head of an institution once graced by Karl Popper. He might, if only for the sake of the discomfitingly experimental evidence Popper insisted upon, have asked someone to speak in New York for the decidedly pinker (and given current growth rates quite successful) French variety of

social democracy. Indeed, he might have done a lot better asking Hillary to reconvene the whole thing in Paris. It's not just that Bill has other things on his mind but even as an activist governor of Arkansas, Clinton barely registers as a centrist let alone a leftwinger. The health care reform debacle showed that as reformers the Clintons are a busted flush. The American "New Democrats" are nowadays the figment of a spin-meister's imagination.

So, forget the Third Way — but do seek counsel and stimulus abroad in addressing the common problems of modern, progressive government, especially those areas where Professor Giddens wrings his hands. Can governments influence sex, parenting and life-style which affect the public space? What kind of new, international order is needed to regulate turbo-capitalism; how can the growth of awareness of the physical environment be accelerated in order to support the dramatic changes in policy needed now; how can people be persuaded to take part in public affairs when their interests seem to be narrowing to private and individual spheres?

Of course there is no global template. What distinguishes governments of the centre-left is not just their values (equality, fraternity, liberty in varying orders and mixes) but their perennial dissatisfaction

with what markets — necessary as they are — produce. If Tony Blair's trip is a sign that, election won, he is still questioning, anxious, intellectually alive, well and good. If he is seeking some fixed formula or badge it will be a sign that he is, after all, just another conservative.

BBC goes digital

But will the poor miss out?

NEXT week will be a milestone in the march of the digital revolution even though no one will notice it. After years of hype the BBC will finally (on Wednesday) launch four digital channels, completing a hat-trick of being the pioneer — with radio, with television and now with digital broadcasting. The catch is that although the BBC will transmit digital signals next week (promising better pictures and clearer sound) no one will be able to receive them because the new sets and decoders are not on the market. Officially, the reason for next week's transmissions is that the BBC wants to put pressure on manufacturers get the sets into the shops. The subtext is that it wants to stake its claim to posterity to have been first before Sky's 200-channel digital satellite transmission starts on October 1.

The BBC has been criticised for its internal reforms. But it has moved impressively into the digital age, including radio, television, ceefax and the Internet (the BBC's is one of the most popular sites in Europe). The BBC has weaknesses because digital TV's most successful products — movies and sport — will be dominated by BSkyB. But globalisation (aided by the World Service) and its mix of radio, TV and the Internet (which may merge into each other in the future) is a strong base on which to build. And the licence fee is still under £100.

Digital products will become more expensive and although the BBC can charge extra for services sold abroad, it is limited at home to the licence fee. Popular sporting events like most football matches are sold to the highest bidder in a market from which the BBC is being excluded. This affects the quality of life since events once available to be enjoyed by everyone can now only be seen by those who have signed up to pay-TV. Digital TV will worsen the divide between the information haves and have-nots because poorer people can't afford the £200 for a decoder. Yet the new digital age — with its huge opportunities for education and training — won't fulfill its potential unless the disadvantaged are enfranchised. That is a goal which the BBC is uniquely well placed to fulfil.

Letters to the Editor

Comrades fall out over Kinnock

NEIL Kinnock's attack on myself and the Grassroots Alliance (The selfish parasites, September 18) included not a single reference to the political issues currently facing the Labour Party. Instead, like other critics of our state, he sought to raise the spectre of the '70s and '80s, while failing to offer any arguments against the policies we advocate.

The accusation that I have hidden my convictions from party members is bizarre. Along with other Grassroots Alliance candidates, I have signed a political statement far more specific and forthright than anything issued by our opponents. In addition, in speeches, articles and letters to the press, I have spelled out in detail where I stand on a host of issues, from housing policy to civil liberties.

For the unpenetrated time, I'm not a "Trotskyite". I'm a socialist, feminist and democrat. I want to see the Government return to free higher education, upgrade pensions, enhance the minimum wage, increase tax on the wealthiest, and properly reward public sector workers. I also want to see interest rates cut in order to preserve jobs.

Contrary to Neil Kinnock's assertion, I never claimed to be "centre-left". It is our

Grassroots Alliance which is "centre-left" — for the simple reason that the centre and the left of the party have come together around shared principles and priorities, and a shared critique of New Labour.

Liz Davies, London.

SINCE it was Neil Kinnock's passionate socialism that got me into the Labour Party in the first place I was naturally surprised and a little saddened to read his vituperative piece.

When the mainstream Labour Reform group (not Labour Briefing as Neil claims) asked me if I would be interested in the Grassroots Alliance slate for the NEC elections, I was delighted to learn that Liz Davies had expressed an interest, as I was when I heard that Michael Cashman and Terry Thomas, who are now standing on the Members First ticket, had done the same. So the belief that I was somehow duped is way off base.

The idea that Tribune is being used by sinister Trotskyites is absurd. I know Liz Davies and she is no Trotskyite.

Mark Seddon, Editor, Tribune, London.

WHEN I worked with Neil Kinnock in 1986 as a Labour party press officer, our first target was Roger Liddle, the SDP candidate in the Fulham by-election, and the second was Rupert Murdoch, who had just sacked thousands with the support of Margaret Thatcher. Liddle, who with his SDP pals explicitly set out to destroy the Labour Party in 1981, is now an adviser to the 10 and the Murdoch dynasty are reportedly close to some of the Prime Minister's intimates. Jose Rodó wouldn't want us to forget these hits of history, too.

John Booth, London.

PERHAPS Neil Kinnock would like to tell us why he has changed so much from the person who, 20 years ago, would almost certainly have been on the slate of the Grassroots Alliance?

I don't suppose it has anything to do with the fact that he has become the first Kinnock in a thousand generations to enjoy a family income beyond the wildest dreams of most people.

Noel Hannan, London.

what she said about protecting universal welfare benefits and the dangers of the Private Finance Initiative — so I voted for her. All I've heard from Neil Kinnock, and the others promoting the Milbank First slate in negative name-calling, John Stewart, London.

YOU refer to the sending of information to Labour Party members by Members First in the NEC elections (Blairites in panic over left, September 18). I deeply regret that this clear information was not available before I voted. I spent a fruitless hour with the ballot form trying to work out who stood for what, with only the blandest of guides to me. I now find that I have voted for candidates who support the Grassroots Alliance, with which I disagree profoundly.

Dr Christopher Pankhurst, Winchester, Hants.

AT LAST, a letter from Margaret Payne that says it all (Letters, September 17). The brief biography received with the voting papers instantly got her my vote. All I need now is for Ms Payne to have as much of an impact on voters as she had on me.

Doug Mayne, Crawley, W Sussex.

WHEN the football authorities go to realise that if they want to improve the performance of referees (Sponsored refs, video replays for Premier League, September 18) they have to move them from their current position on the pitch to a seat near the back of the stand, slightly behind a pillar, wearing a pair of glasses with a crack in one lens and with a six-foot-five hoke sat directly in front of them. The guy who sits just near me in such a position at Maine Road every other week seems to see everything far clearer than the ref and I have come across thousands of similarly made individuals.

Colin Burke, Manchester.



Referees: the view from the stands

WILL a salary give "professional" referees eyes in the back of their head, or the ability to read a player's mind as he dives/falls? If they are totally dependent on refereeing for income, will this make them more, or less independent? And why is sponsorship needed to pay these salaries if the Premiership is the most successful league in the world?

Bryna Jones, Bath.

Menson case highlights a gap in Human Rights bill

YOUR story about the inquest verdict that Michael Menson was unlawfully killed (No justice, no apology, September 17) will have shocked many people reminiscent as it is of the Stephen Lawrence affair. What few may realise is that the failure of the police to investigate such cases thoroughly and quickly may breach the European Convention on Human Rights. However, the relevant part of the Convention (Article 13) has been left out of the Human Rights bill which is currently before Parliament. Article 13 requires an effective remedy for violations of the rights in the Convention.

The Government's view has been that inclusion of Article 13 is unnecessary because the bill itself provides the remedies which it requires by enabling people to enforce their rights in British courts. But this misses the point. The Government may not be aware that Article 13 requires effective action not only by courts but also by other public authorities such as the police.

This could be described as a nascent "victim's right". The European Court has said in recent cases involving allegations of torture and rape in Turkey that the authorities must carry out a thorough and effective investigation if they are to comply with Article 13. In one case the Court held that a public prosecutor, who had power to visit the scene of the crime, summon witnesses and collect forensic evidence had failed in various crucial ways; for example, relevant people had not been "questioned in the critical initial stages of the investigation" — words which might apply to the Lawrence and Menson cases.

Unless Article 13 is incorporated, there may be an important gap in the scheme of the Human Rights bill. It will be that extent fall in to express aim of "bringing rights home". It is not too late for the Government to think again and to include Article 13 when

the bill is next debated in the Commons on October 21.

Rabinder Singh, London.

I WOULD suggest Michael Menson also faced discrimination as a black user of mental health services with the label of schizophrenia. In Mind's experience it is common for users of mental health services to be dismissed by the police and other agencies when they make allegations of serious criminal offences.

Margaret Pedler, Mind, London.

Plodding words

YOUR review of Mark Ravenhill's Handbag (G2, September 16) misquotes Brecht: "To be who needs the child, the child should be given." What Brecht wrote in The Caucasian Chalk Circle was "the children to the motherly ones (die Kinder den Mütterlichen)", which is not the same thing.

You couldn't make a mistake like that in German, a highly inflected language, because no one would understand you. Do soliloquies matter in English? Yet German is a dying language, English isn't.

David Paisley, London.

MR Thompson's letter (September 16) questioning who paid for the policing of Spice Girl, Mel B's wedding last Sunday, raises a legitimate issue of public concern. In common with other police forces, Thames Valley Police are able to make special provisions for public functions, thereby enabling such events to take place in a safe environment with the total cost of policing being met by the organisers. I am happy to be able to reassure the residents of "Thames Valley that this was the case at last Sunday's ceremony.

Insp Martin Bolton, Thames Valley Police.

NHS exodus

THE recent focus on nurses' pay and conditions (Letters, September 10) ignores the plight of the backroom staff, lab technicians, research staff MLSDs, who carry out important diagnostic work, such as cervical smear tests, and supporting clinicians. All are on abysmal pay scales, work long hours and are on fixed-term contracts with no prospect of ever getting a permanent post.

It is apparent the Government is not planning to shell out more cash for staff pay in the NHS, hence the mass exodus of nurses and lab techni-

cians like myself who leave for Saudi Arabia, where they can earn tax-free salaries ranging from £30-£70,000, enabling them to buy a house without resort to money lenders or mortgage sharks.

The exodus of staff is increasing — already practically whole lab staff teams from UK hospitals can be found working in hospitals in most cities in Saudi. Unless something is done now it really will be impossible to recruit qualified and experienced healthcare staff to cope with the rapidly ageing patient population in the next century.

Ulick Magee, Glasgow.

Saudi rights

YOU report that Crown Prince Abdullah of Saudi Arabia will be meeting Prince Charles "who is keen to promote understanding of Islam" (Blair plans warm welcome for heir to Saudi throne, September 18).

I would suggest that the Crown Prince is perhaps not the best representative of Islam to speak to. Saudi Arabia has refused to agree to or adhere to international human rights standards. Amnesty International has documented some 350 cases from 1982-1996 of Christian expatriates being arrested for taking

part in private worship services, many suffering torture, flogging and other cruel or inhuman treatment. A US State Department report stated that "freedom of religion does not exist".

It is an Islamic state which prohibits its citizens to profess any faith other than Islam. Non-Muslim places of worship are forbidden and it is illegal to wear a cross or utter a Christian prayer. Two Filipino Christians were beheaded last year and only this summer 31 Christians were arrested and detained for several months for distributing Christian literature.

Paul Coventry, Ipswich.

For the birds

RE your article Big bird looks like staying long-gone (September 12) on Japanese Professor Yasuyuki Shirota's project to resurrect the long-extinct moa of New Zealand by combining surviving DNA with eggs of living relatives.

Until the difficulty with claims over ownership of this DNA with the native New Zealand people can be resolved, perhaps his team could switch attention to another large species extinct far more recently, the great auk of the northern hemisphere.

Being far more numerous in

its heyday, the great auk remains still litter a number of isolated islands and finding living DNA looks a far better bet. The species has living relatives in abundance among the auk family, notably the razorbill — a relatively common, free-breeding species and from which fresh eggs would be readily available and the chicks of which can be hatched and reared in controlled conditions without a lot of trouble or expense.

J Moran, Appleby Bridge, West Lancs.

Please include a full postal address, even on e-mailed letters, and a daytime telephone number. We may edit letters.

The former GDR could decide more than the election — the low-pay experiment could soon be moving west

Germany's eastern front

Martin Woollacott



THE last two German elections have been won in the east, the votes of the former citizens of the communist German Democratic Republic bringing a famous victory for Helmut Kohl in the first and just saving him from defeat in the second.

Perhaps, even before that, in contemplating the dominance of the Christian Democratic Union over the years, it can be true to say that the anti-communist edge which the German conservatives possessed over their Social

Democratic rivals of the SPD meant that many earlier elections were also won, if not in the east, then because of the east.

In the third election since unification, and eight years after the GDR was declared dead, the east continues to hold Germany in thrall. It is not only that Kohl has tried to call up the antique menace of the reds by suggesting that the SPD and the former East German communists, the PDS, might somehow end up running Germany together. Nor is it simply that Eastern votes will certainly be critical when Germany goes to the polls in just over a week's time, a fact which the chancellor will underline by devoting most of the remaining campaigning days to a part of the country which contains only one-fifth of the voters.

The eastern effect goes much deeper than that. The east has skewed the already wobbly cog wheels of German politics, those which should enable the two major parties to ease themselves into power with the help of reliable junior partners.

It has become, in addition, the not so secret laboratory of a different German model — the Germany of lower wages, lower benefits, and reduced job security which most of the business elite believe must replace the old West Germany's "over generous" and "inflexible" model. In other words, western Germany's social and economic fate may now be under preparation in the east. The lost eastern workers' state, with its guarantee of job, home, and holiday, remains as a ghost pointing a shaking and accusatory finger at unbelieving authorities and employers.

Finally, the merger of the two Germanies has produced the result that some predicted in 1990, which is that a unified Germany, rather than being more interested in the outside world and reader to act in it, is so preoccupied with its own problems that it sees most international issues only through the dark spectacles of its own difficulties.

The German political system is like a Rubik cube in which the parties and the voters push and pull until, after

all the votes are in, the segments suddenly fall into place. The possible results of this election range from the present conservative coalition of the CDU and the Free Democrats, to a CDU-led "grand coalition" with the SPD, to an SPD-led grand coalition to a coalition of the SPD and the Greens. This last, the polls judge by a short hair, the most likely outcome, while professional politicians seem to think an SPD-led grand coalition most probable. The point here is that it is eastern votes that are vital. If the CDU fails to pick up the votes in the east for which it is hoping — it has saturated its constituency in the West — it will either go into opposition or, at best, stay in government in an SPD-led coalition. Irony of ironies, even this last possibility may be dependent on the success of the ex-communists, for, if they squeeze into the Bundestag, they will make it more difficult for the SPD to form a coalition with the Greens.

Whatever happens in this election, the eastern effect

has reinforced other developments pushing German politics toward a technical crisis. Neither the PDP or the Greens have made any permanent headway in the east, which means that their chances of giving a big hand to senior partners are reduced.

THIS also increases the possibility that one or both of these catalyst parties could get less, than the 5 per cent of the national vote necessary for representation in the parliament. One is the natural partner of the CDU and its Bavarian sister party, the CSU, the other the natural partner of the SPD. Without them the two main political forces, neither of which have more than a remote chance of an absolute majority, would have no alternative but to govern with each other in unwieldy and arguably undemocratic grand coalitions.

The eastern effect has consolidated two other political forces — the PDS as a regional party channeling

eastern grievances; and the three far-right parties who are fighting among themselves to pick up the potentially large neo-Nazi vote in the east. The PDS might in time attain the respectability which would allow it a role in national government. The extreme right will never do so. Meanwhile the main parties could, if the smaller parties falter, easily come to resemble heavy pieces of furniture which have lost their casters.

While both main parties talk in Bonn of essentially similar reforms of the tax system and the labour market, it is arguable that the real social reckoning for Germany is being calculated in the east. Here firms pay less and do less for workers than the law lays down. Here the contract between capital and labour which it is proposed to rewrite in a more or less civilised way in the west is being regularly broken. In east Germany and in eastern Europe generally, German business has a field of action which will allow it to put great pressure on any German government to go further in reduc-

ing wages and welfare than it or the voters want to go. Helmut Kohl promised east Germany years ago that it would blossom under his rule, and it is true that the once open countryside has sprouted a crop of fine looking shopping centres. But for the huge numbers out of work these shrines have no relevance. Those who have done well in the east are also bitter. They resent the fate of fellow east Germans who have fallen on hard times. And they are angry about the solemnly graded unfairness — the so many percentage points less of salary and benefits that they receive compared to their western equivalents — with which they themselves are treated.

The discontents of the west and the east may overlap. They have not yet merged. But graffiti, the advertising of the underclass, has united eastern and western Germany. From the quiet streets of Bonn to the sides of once pristine German trains and the underpasses of east German towns, the chunky blocks of nonsense scribbled,

neo-Nazi slogans, and rock band mottos subject all Germans to these messages from below, at once colourful and menacing. They provide a counterpoint to the election posters which proclaim such slogans as "Germany: World Class" over Kohl's portrait. But this Germany is not as open to that world as it might be. The constant stress on avoiding refugee flows into Germany that accompanies almost every official statement on Kosovo, for instance, exemplifies this. So do Kohl's bouts of bad temper over issues like European Union financing and what he sees as unwarranted EU interference in the German economy.

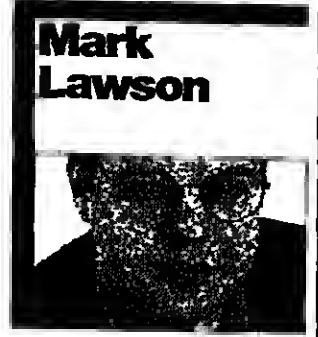
This is the Germany which the political writer Peter Schneider predicted in 1990 would sometimes say to foreigners: "We Germans have enough of our own problems." The other Germany, the responsible state and powerful economy, is still there. Both are the legacy of Helmut Kohl, the leader who gathered in the east but could not overcome the contradictions to which unification gave rise.

مكتبة الانجل

Saturday September 19 1998

Saturday opinion

Exclusive transcripts of those Clinton tapes we'd really like Bill's chats revealed



Mark Lawson

AS the world waits for the release of the videos of President Clinton's testimony to Ken Starr, one of the most startling revelations of this scandal has been the extent to which Clinton has been the video president. A White House film crew is reportedly employed to record as many moments from the presidency as possible for posterity. It was this team which recorded both the public hug between Clinton and Monica Lewinsky and the images released this week of an unnamed woman mopping the president's brow in the Oval Office after jogging.

The revelation of the existence of this White House archive raises the possibility that hundreds of hours of Clinton videos exist, which will make the taped evidence to Starr look boring. Surely what most people really want to see is footage of the president with family and colleagues. Through imaginative contacts, this column has been able to obtain exclusive videos and transcripts of key domestic scenes within the White House. In the transcripts which follow, speakers are identified largely in line with the abbreviations employed in the Starr report. President William Jefferson Clinton is WJC and his secretary Betty Currie appears as BC.

In this first extract, the speaker B (who does not seem to have given evidence to Starr) is widely believed to be Buddy, the first dog. The scene was recorded in the Oval Office.

BC: Sir, did you remember to feed the dog?

WJC: Well now, on that one, I'm not certain that I fully remember now whether I remembered there to remember. There was a dish and there was a tin of food. But it depends what you mean by "food". You know, even the word "dog" is ambiguous in some editions of the Bible. It depends. Finally, what you mean by "mean".

B: Woof. Woof.

BC: Well, sir, he's licking his face looking kind of frisky.

WJC: It would be permissible to infer from my previous answer that the dog was fed.

B: Woof. Woof. WOOF. (emphasis added)

BC: Hey, now you dumb mut', you get your nose right out there.

WJC: Down boy. Hey, I'm sorry, Betty.

BC: That's okay. There was this stuff on Gerardo about how dogs resemble their masters.

The evidence of the level of executive time — and linguistic ingenuity — applied even to the question of whether Buddy has had his supper clearly establishes the president as a man who wrestles with the ambiguity of language in a way which would not discredit a Nobel-winning poet.

Prurient public attention, however, is most likely to focus on the question of what Bill and Hillary cow talk about when alone. Here, then, is an extract from a conversation recorded in the family

quarters of the White House between the president and Hillary Rodham Clinton:

HRC: Total honesty, the counsellor said. How many other women have there been?

WJC: Hon, I'd tell you if I knew. A League Of Mothers from Little Rock just demanded a recount.

HRC: You know your problem, buster. It's all those trashy little bimbos who want to kiss your ass.

WJC: Kiss my... Hell, honey, you're reading Footnote 25.

HRC: Bill, you [expletive deleted.]

WJC: Well, hell, that's not fair. Momma's about the only dame I never...

A furious row ensues, which ends with WJC insisting:

Finally, I will be amenable only to God.

This last exchange is thought to cast light on the most intriguing tape in the archive, which features the president in conversation with a character identified in transcripts only as G. The speaker has a booming, echoey voice and seems to be communicating from some distance but, curiously, cannot be seen on the videotapes of this encounter.

During this conversation, the president was himself on his knees in the Oval Office, which was not his usual practice. (See Starr Report, footnotes 37, 46, 48 and passim.) The exchange runs as follows:

G: Have you sinned?

WJC: Sir, I have already dealt with that matter in the September 11 prayer breakfast address.

G: Have you lied?

WJC: Now, on that one, sir, the point is that my answers, while legally correct within the definition accepted by all the parties in the case...

G: You're sweating.

WJC: The point is there that I have kind of naturally glistening skin. It's a Southern thing...

G: I want you to resign.

WJC: Why?

G: People have stopped believing in you.

WJC: Well, hell, now you're one to talk. You should see the stuff the White House polling unit's got on you. You're running at less than 50 per cent credibility in some developed countries. What's more, we got stuff linking you with earthquakes, air disasters, floods in stuff the goddam world over. We find out where you hang out and there's a smart missile coming right up your ass. My God, it's you that oughta resign...

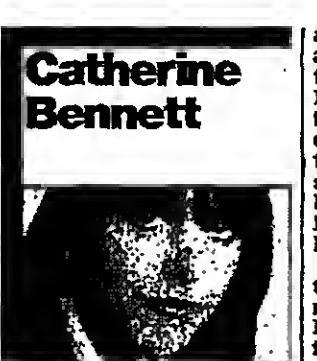
(There is a loud explosion, seeming to come from above. A Secret Service Agent enters the Oval Office. He speaks into his sleeve.)

SSA: Code red. Looks like the Prez just got hit by a thunderbolt.

At this point, the tapes seem to end. A statement issued by the White House later reported that the president had been very slightly burned while lighting a cigar. It was, however, stressed that he had been completely alone with the cigar at the time.



Unmentionables



Catherine Bennett

THE Sultan of Brunei is an exacting host. Before his visitors arrive, they are issued with a guide to Bruneian etiquette, warning them not to wear yellow, or sneeze in public, or shake hands firmly, or make excessive arm movements, or cross their legs when sitting, or pat

anyone on the head. Above all, they must not point with the index finger. The Duke of Edinburgh, who seems never to have affronted the Bruneians, and resolved to correct this oversight ASAP, instantly transgressed the code, by pointing his majestic digit in the presence of the Sultan's First Wife.

By now, the atmosphere in the royal guest-quarters, must recall the episode of Fawley Towers in which Basil flails around bellowing "Don't mention the war". If a simple ban on pointing is so difficult to observe, what hope is there that the Duke will avoid all the other possible ways of insulting the Sultan, which the etiquette list does not begin to cover?

Will he, for example, remember that Prince Jefri, the brother once so close to

the Sultan, and finance minister, until last year, is now persona non grata? The Queen, one feels sure, can be trusted not to refer to Jefri, or to his enormous yacht, Tis, and the yacht's two tenders, Nipple One and Nipple Two — but is the Duke equally reliable? Will he avoid any allusion to Jefri's custom-made pens and watch, depicting copulating couples, and his 40-strong team of Dorchester prostitutes, and the "sports complex", near the palace, which was once, according to the allegations of a former Miss USA, a royal pleasure dome, lavishly supplied with hard-porn magazines and gyrating blondes? By all means, mention the war — but not the collapse of Jefri's Amedeo group, or "Project Gamma" — the current investigation into al-

leged financial mismanagement in the Sultanate.

Additionally, although they are now in the past, it would be inadvisable to raise the Sultan's own playboy days, his intriguing associations with Adnan Khashoggi, Mohamed Al Fayed, and, allegedly, Pamela Bordes, the grande horlogiste of the eighties. And to be on the safe side, it's probably wisest if the small talk steers clear of democracy, freedom of speech and elections. Brunei's first, and last, elections were held in 1983, and did not go well. After the Sultanate disregarded an overwhelming victory for the Brunei People's Party, an uprising was crushed by British Gurkhas, and the rebel leaders were summarily and indefinitely imprisoned. Since then, the government of Brunei has

been synonymous with the Sultan's family, and its wealth. Political activity is forbidden, as is any disclosure of the Sultan's wealth.

So what is it safe to talk about, inside the most repellently ostentatious palace ever built, in the dining room that seats 6,000, beneath the two

ton crystal chandeliers? Wisely, Robin Cook, self-proclaimed missionary for democratic rights, seems to be sticking firmly — but not too firmly — to the subject of hats, and the gorgeousness of his "lady". As for the Queen, perhaps given the royal family's reputed enthusiasm for toilet jokes — she and her fellow-monarch will find some common ground in the palace's 257 lavatories? Then again, as head of their respective churches, they may find some shared interest in religion. After that, it may be a struggle. The Sultan is an absolute monarch; the Queen is now so intent on being modern, that she announced that her purpose in Brunei was to consort with "ordinary people". This project might be less risible were she not pursuing it in a country with the highest per capita income in the developing world.

So what is the royal party doing in Brunei, sweating in the beasty heat, bowing and scraping to a vulgar despot, pretending to admire the world's biggest, shittiest shrine to noov? Not, as the sizable party of spin-doctors suggests, because the monarchs are such duffers, or because we are soul-brothers in the Commonwealth, or because the Queen so loves nonentities that she was prepared to fly halfway round the world to meet some more. They are, of course, there on business. The Queen has got to go to Brunei to suck up to the Sultan on behalf of British commercial interests, and in particular, to promote the defence industry. Unless, behind the scenes, he is planning to school the Sultan in the ways of democracy. Robin Cook appears to be bravely putting aside his distaste for "narrow realpolitik". His mission is to finalise a deal thought to be worth around £1 billion, for Hawk aircraft and corvette warships.

So far, the spin doctors' insistence that the trip is but an agreeable encounter in a sunnier clime, has been remarkably successful. While the family's self-inflicted misfortunes have been played down, the Sultan's lovely home and matching set of wives have been respectfully described. The Times even paid tribute to Crown Prince Billah's "enviable skill at snooker" — neglecting to mention that he was taught by Terry Griffiths, at £3,000 a lesson. Most effective has been the interest in Gaynor Cook's make-over. Irritating though it may be for the Queen, any space devoted to Gaynor is space not devoted to Justifiri Jelal, or, from tomorrow, the hostile prime minister of Malaysia. If she can keep up the supply of big hats, there might be no word of mission statements, no jibes about ethical foreign policy, and, best of all, no mention whatsoever of Tis.

By now, the royal atmosphere in Brunei must recall Basil Fawley bellowing 'Don't mention the war'

You can't beat a decent cuppa. If you can find one, that is Tea dreams



Matthew Engel

IN contravention of all known biological laws, executives on the Guardian are getting younger. There is some danger to one's career prospects in writing the sort of column that begins: "You can't get a decent cup of tea anywhere these days."

But you can't get a decent cup of tea.

Coffee is rampant. It is more fashionable in London than at any time since the 18th century, when it fuelled another era of rampant capitalism. And two days ago, Starbucks, the McDonald's of coffee (sorry, "the world's largest specialty coffee retailer") opened its first British outlet, on the King's Road. Coming soon to a street near you.

There is a curious story behind the arrival of Starbucks. Since 1995, Britain has been awash with something called the Seattle Coffee Company, which sounds American but isn't really.

It was started by a husband-and-wife team from Seattle, Scott and Ally Svenson, who settled in England, and, in Scott's words, "missed Seattle and Starbucks so much that we eventually decided to recreate a Starbucks-like experience here." I think that means they ripped off the idea.

Anyway, they did well. Starbucks, seeing a promising market snatched away, sighed deeply, bought the Svensons out for \$49 million and put them in charge of Starbucks UK. Their own places — heavy on primal colours and slogans like "This is a sacred gateway in time" — will be rebranded the blander Starbucks way shortly.

On the King's Road, it is now possible to sit outside, sip espresso or something-or-other, and get poisoned by the traffic fumes while staring at a view of Lloyd's Bank, mitigated by the occasional pretty Chelsea lady and the even more occasional 22 bus.

Now I have nothing against coffee. It is an important human petrol and oil. This column runs on it. It is also an important lubricant of the earliest stages of the process that perpetuates the species. I tried saying "Come back to my place for a hot Bovril," but it didn't have the same effect.

But nothing beats tea for the morning after, and every morning after that. As a refreshment, coffee doesn't figure. Nations that drink coffee are liable to elect obvious philandering liars to the presidency, then get shocked when they turn out to be philandering liars.

They are also unhealthy. A scientific symposium in Washington this week was told that tea drinkers have reduced risks of several different cancers, heart disease, strokes, tooth decay, and the sheer bad temper that comes from drinking a rival substance that doesn't actually quench your thirst.

Yet not merely do these cunning businessmen pro-

mote coffee, they rubbish the opposition. They serve tea. Indeed, the Svensons offer a choice of 10 different ones (like this column, they are keen on lists). Then they tell the staff to dunk a tea bag in a plastic beaker of boiling water at nearly a quid a time so it burns your pocket and your tongue simultaneously, and tastes of dawn.

TEA IS NOT TEA. No wonder people prefer coffee. But the Americans are not to blame. It is rapidly becoming impossible to get tea served any other way over much of Britain on trains and railway stations; at Gatwick Airport (unless you have a meal); even The Oval, as the Sunday

Times recently noted. What's the point of The Oval if you can't get tea? Often, there is the added outrage of UHT milk. The West End, outside the posh hotels, is almost tea-free. I asked a nice Italian cafe owner in Holborn if he could serve me a proper cup of tea, and he was horror-struck: "You mean in a teapot? No one can be bothered with all that!"

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Downturn Tokyo



Typhoon Stella hits Tokyo, mirroring the state of the storm-lashed Japanese economy

PHOTOGRAPH: AP/WIDEWORLD

The silence of
the sushi bars

The only thing on the rise in Japan is the suicide rate, writes
Larry Elliott in Tokyo

IT IS so normal it is quite eerie. The neon lights still flash in the Ginza, the streets are still full of bustling people, the shops offer gizmos and Givenchy as they did when the economy was booming at the end of the 1980s.

But appearances can be deceptive. This is not the late 1980s, and the world's second biggest economy is no longer booming, it is hurting. Consumers are not spending and companies are going bust in record numbers. Growth figures are down, suicides are up. Japan may be hard and shiny on the outside, but it is soft on the inside.

Instead of sampling fish and chips on the promenade in Blackpool last week, Gordon Brown was able to see for himself the empty sushi bars of downtown Tokyo.

The Chancellor put preparations for the most important meeting in years of the International Monetary Fund ahead of explaining the Government's strategy to the European Council — a dubious pleasure which fell instead to John Prescott, Peter Mandelson and Eddie George.

There was a Wagnerian quality to the Chancellor's arrival in the land of the rising sun on Wednesday, as the emissary of the Group of Seven industrial nations. Coming into land at Tokyo's Narita airport, the Chancellor's plane was buffeted by the 75 mph winds from Typhoon Stella sweeping northwards across the Pacific Rim. The jumbo headed south over raging seas, finally landing safely at Nagoya before refuelling and returning to Tokyo once the storm had abated.

It was only a temporary setback for the Chancellor, who arrived in time to make a keynote speech, but was it a sign of something more serious for the global economy?

Mr Brown says not. "I believe that the essential answer to the problems of the moment is not less globalisation, not new national structures to separate and isolate countries, but stronger international structures to make globalisation work in harder times as well as easier ones. Our urgent need is closer co-operation, continuing dialogue and an unwavering commitment to open commerce. We must not let temporary instability put global progress at risk."

Yet the means of achieving global progress are now undergoing the first real reassessment in more than two decades. The past month has heard the unmistakable sound of knives being sharp-

pened to slaughter sacred cows. The first of these is that one-size-fits-all policies can be adapted to suit all economies, no matter how different they might be in size, industrial make-up or development.

When even Michel Camdessus, managing director of the IMF accepts — as he did this week — that "not all markets, not all economies, not all crises are the same", something is clearly afoot.

Second, the idea that the only good solution to a problem is a free-market solution has been tested to destruction. It looks likely, for example, that Japan will try to solve its banking crisis by nationalising the ailing Long-Term Credit Bank. What is more, it will receive the approval of the G7 if it does so.

Similarly, the West is trying a more pragmatic approach to the use of capital controls by developing countries. This time last year, the very notion that such egregious interference in the workings of the market was being contemplated, let alone implemented, would have given the West a bad case of the vapours. This year, complacency is out, concern is in.

One of those expressing higher levels of concern is Bill Clinton. He said on Monday that the world was facing its most serious challenge for 50 years, a comment right in principle if lacking in terms of historical accuracy. The world is certainly facing its most serious challenge for decades, but the real comparison is not with the late 1940s when post-war recovery was under way in the West, but with the aftermath of the Yom Kippur war, which started exactly 25 years ago.

The similarities between 1998 and 1973 are quite striking, even though 25 years ago it was a Republican president, Richard Nixon, who was mired in disgrace. He resigned rather than face impeachment. This time it is a Democrat, Mr Clinton, who is facing the music. He may survive, Nixon quipped famously in 1971 that "we are all Keynesians now" — a sure sign in retrospect that the ideology which had underpinned the post-war boom was running out of steam. Clinton's presidency has seen the limitations of the hands-off approach to economic management fully and brutally exposed.

It was the sense that we are witnessing the end of an era that made Monday's statement by the G7 so significant. The West is starting to take the threat of a global slump seriously. But it was the language used in the statement — and the interventionism that underpinned it — which suggested that change was in the air.

Inflation, the G7 said, was low or falling in many countries, and the balance of risks had shifted. They would therefore explore ways to "reinforce existing programmes in support of growth-oriented policies".

In a sense, this was a statement of the blindly obvious. It has been clear for some time that tough macro-economic measures and the over-supply of products associated with globalisation had completely changed the outlook for inflation. Since 1973-4, every peak in inflation has been lower than the last, with Britain's inflation rate now one tenth of that reached in mid-1975. Inflation may be dormant rather than dead, but for now it is yesterday's problem, and the G7 seems at last to have recognised that.

As in the 1970s, part of the problem lies with commodity prices, although this time it is the producers and not the consumers who are feeling the pinch. And whereas it was the US, traumatised by Vietnam and Watergate, which had a crisis of confidence in the mid-1970s, this time it is that

decade's wonder economy — Japan — that has lapsed into introspection and despair.

Interestingly, the Anglo-Saxon elements of the G7 were quicker to appreciate the new situation than some of the continental counterparts. Britain and the US were keen to sign up to a robust form of words from the G7, but it took some arm-twisting at a meeting of central bank governors in Basel — in which Mr George played an integral part — before the Germans and the French would sign up.

But here was a bitter irony. Europe's obsession with the single currency means there can be no co-ordinated cut in interest rates. Yet a co-ordinated cut in interest rates is precisely what is needed, not just to put a floor under falling stock markets, but to the allegedly non-interventionist Anglo-Saxon economies demanded no less.

And since Monday's G7 statement suggested that world leaders were not prepared to see the idea of *laissez-faire* tested to destruction the markets whooped for joy.

But only for so long. By the middle of the week, there was a sneaking realisation that the G7 was talking a new game, but delivering very little. US central banker Alan Greenspan and Mr George acknowledged that there would be no co-ordinated cut in rates, impossible without the co-operation of the Europeans.

Meanwhile, George Soros, doing a better job of undermining the global order than a Trotskyite entryist, contributed his four pennorth. "The global capitalist system is coming apart at the seams," he told the US Congress.

Ian Harwood, global economist for Dresdner Kleinwort Benson, is concerned not just about Japan, where he describes the situation as bleak, but about the US, which he fears is on the verge of a sustained slowdown as a result of tumbling profits.

"US history suggests that intensifying profit recession generates sharp GDP slowdown, via reduced investment, inventory and employment spending," he says.

"Capital expenditure is being cut back and employment will follow. Currently buoyant consumer confidence will be bushwhacked by deteriorating labour and stock markets."

So what happens now? It is clear that the mood has changed. Interventionism is back in vogue for the first time since the days of T Rex and Slade. Demand is seen as important. There is support for reform of the IMF and for a reinvigorated internationalism. The belief of the G7 is that this may be a crisis of global capital, but not the crisis of global capitalism.

However, to ensure that one does not turn into the other, action is needed and it is needed urgently. Mr Brown was on the ground in Japan for just 21 hours this week. When he arrived markets were rising; when he left they were on the slide once more.

Bardot posed
and Doisneau
snapped.
Things could
be marvellous
Page 11



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"Our urgent need is co-operation. . .
We must not let temporary instability
put global progress at risk"

The Chancellor, Gordon Brown, meets Kichii Miyazawa,
his Japanese counterpart

PHOTOGRAPH: KOJI SAHARA

Quick Crossword No. 8857

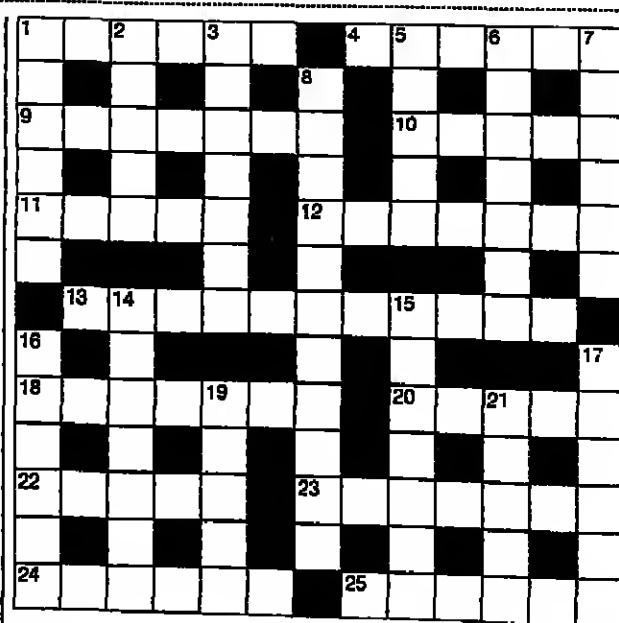
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AUGUST 1998
SOLUTION NO. 8856

Across

- 1 Tiny — portion of time (6)
- 4 Tension — to emphasise (6)
- 9 Day of rest (7)
- 10 Proportion (5)
- 11 Bundle of corn (5)
- 12 Israeli communal farm (7)
- 13 Mercury (7)
- 16 Enrage — aroma (7)
- 20 Rope loop (5)
- 22 Get down — unofficial occupation (5)
- 23 Clothing (7)
- 24 Breathe out (6)
- 25 Means — business organisation (6)

Down

- 1 Maltreat (6)
- 2 Ilustrious (5)
- 3 Trade — vehicles (7)
- 5 Pulsate (5)
- 6 To gush (7)
- 7 Nap (6)
- 8 English poet and dramatist (7)
- 14 Ill-mannered (7)
- 15 It ends a flight (in two ways) (7)
- 16 Web — of lies? (6)
- 17 Church robe room (5)
- 19 Of one's birth — place in South Africa (5)
- 21 See (5)



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Features

Why daddy's girl has become the latest PR fad 15



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Arts

The George Gershwin show that went on for half a lifetime 18



saturday

The Guardian

review

Saturday September 19 1998



It was tough being a socialist in the eighties. No smiling, no tuna, no sex. A week before the Labour Party conference, Spitting Image writer **John O'Farrell** explains in his new book why he's so glad he's sold out

Confessions of an ex-lefty

Most people remember Margaret Thatcher's speech on the steps of Downing Street after her landslide victory in 1979: "Where there is discord, may we bring harmony, where there is error, may we bring truth..." It was a victorious battle cry to remind us exactly to what kind of person we had just handed the keys of Downing Street. It said: "You don't like me because I am a ghastly, strident, un-self-aware, right-wing, preachy, mean-spirited bigot. Well, I've won. There! And there's nothing you can do about it."

A few months afterwards I saw, lying around the house, a pamphlet that had been sent to my father from the Fabian Society. Its title was "Can Labour Win Again?" I thought, how ludicrous! Of course, Labour can win again — Mrs Thatcher is clearly unbearable, people will realise this and Labour will be re-elected. I was 17 years old — I had to live that many years again before it was to happen.

When I left home to go to university I was fairly confident of my poli-

tics. I had grown up in a home with basic left-wing values and, at the age of 18, I had it all worked out. Labour were good, Tories were bad.

The trouble with the left during this period was that we were so deeply unattractive. The media coined phrases like "Hard Left" or "Militant Left" but "Very, Very Boring Left" would have been more accurate. It wasn't the left-wingness in itself that was the problem, it was the excessively bad-tempered and humourless way in which the left argued its corner, which makes me cringe when I remember it. We had somehow got into our heads that a period in opposition meant that we were now opposed to everything.

Once I was walking with my mum in some London park, and she pointed out all the beautiful flowerbeds. I sort of said that I preferred natural landscapes — not regimented rows of flowers planted by the council when the money could have been better spent on building houses. "Oh, I agree, dear... but aren't those begonia lovely?" Somehow I had got it into my

head that flowers were right-wing. Not only flowers, but gardening *per se*. All sorts of things that you would not normally expect to have political attributes were right-wing by virtue of being vaguely decadent, frivolous, self-indulgent or just slightly posh. Fish knives, ladies' slippers, power steering, Wellington boots, the county of Surrey, Donald Duck, conservatories, walled mini-coats and any girl's name that ended in the letter 'a'.

Dinner parties were obviously right-wing. They featured a number of right-wing guest appearances such as wine, suits and mangetouts. And concepts like dessert wine and profiteroles were just off the political scale. One of the people I lived with in Exeter decided that smiling was right-wing. He pretended to be miserable as a sort of political statement throughout the early 1980s.

While we condemned anyone who did not share our view of the world as "fascists", we had developed a special fascism of our own, which excluded and condemned people because of what they believed in. "You eat tuna?"

shrieked someone round at my house who was doing a moral inspection of my food cupboards. "Er... yeah, it's not South African is it?" I asked, before I was given a lecture on the cruel murder of dolphins in Japanese tuna nets.

I shared a house with five other English or drama students and as we fed each other's socialism, our certainty grew. The house was organised on a co-operative basis, with all bills and expenses shared equally. The men were quite disappointed when the women declined our kind offer to pay towards their tampons as part of household expenses. With our ideology came a severe puritan lifestyle that spurned such luxuries as eating in restaurants, enjoying Christmas or buying new clothes. Despite its military overtones, army surplus clothing was de rigueur for its adherents.

Inside: This week's debate asks: 'Is Labour trapped in a right-wing timewarp?' Page 14

tere practicality. You would never have been able to get me on to a dance floor, as I would never consider anything so self-indulgent.

My attitude to my feminist colleagues was generally one of tacit submission. To the guilt I felt about my class was added the guilt I was made to feel about my gender. And somewhere along the way it seemed that sex itself had become politically suspect. There was a brave attempt by some men to argue that virginity followed by monogamy was the straitjacket of a patriarchal society and that women must allow their own sexual expression to come to the fore and have sex with them right away. But it was too little avail.

Once a woman came back to my house after a party, and not wanting to appear too pushy I said she was welcome to sleep on the sofa. This was someone I had known for some time and whose strong feminist views I had always supported. She accepted my offer and I lay alone in bed worrying that socialists might actually die out from lack of procreation. But 20 minutes later my bedroom door creaked open and she

climbed into my bed. She informed me that she couldn't sleep in the front room "because the clock ticked so loudly". Aha! Hoorsy for feminism — the women take the initiative! I responded in the way I thought was expected of me.

"Do you mind not touching me!" she barked. "God! Why do men always presume that women want sex with them? It's just typical!" "Oh. Right. Yes I'm sorry..." I stammered, "you're not sorry." "You're all the same. You can't think of women in any other terms." "It's just that when you... No, you're quite right, I'm sorry."

There is something perverse in the fact that the task of making the world a happier place required us to stop having fun. I was opposed to all forms of art that had no worthy political message, opposed to sport as an irrelevant distraction, and against most other forms of leisure on the grounds that they probably involved making small talk with Tories. But although we were dedicated to making the world a better place, we never actually did any-

thing constructive to help this happen. Just believing was all that was required. Nobody benefited from our political awareness except perhaps one very lucky battery chicken.

In the way that socially disadvantaged children are taken in by well-meaning liberal families who have seen them advertised in the Guardian, our student household adopted a battery chicken — something of a spontaneous decision taken while driving through the Devon countryside. We passed a hand-painted sign which read "Chickens For Sale — alive or dead" and thought that a battery chicken would make a good addition to our household. We pulled in and entered a horrific surreal aircraft hangar of a prison, where thousands of bald, mad chickens were screaming at the tops of their voices. Hundreds of bare heads stuck out between the bars, all of them pleading "Pick me!" On the available hits of wood between the tiny cages the proprietor had stuck up centrefolds from pornographic magazines, the ratio being about 10 naked chickens to every naked woman. **page 14**

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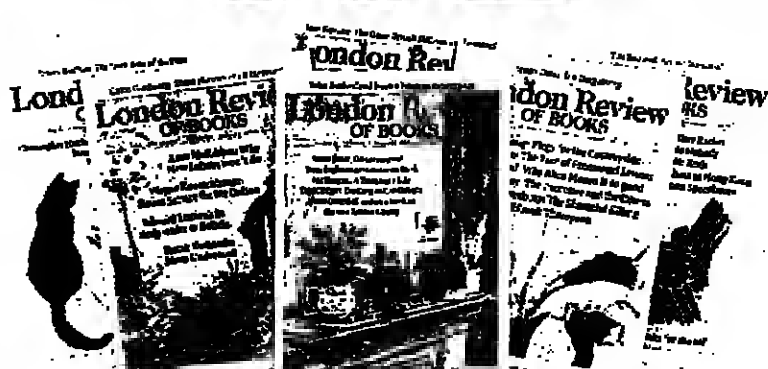
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ENGAGING THE MIND



Is Labour trapped in a right-wing timewarp?

Dear Ruth Kelly,
"We used to think that we could spend our way out of recession. I have to tell you, in all honesty, that option no longer exists." These words, reputedly written by that early convert to neo-liberal free-market strictures, Peter Jay, found their way into James Callaghan's speech to the Labour Conference in 1976.

I remember it, because it was the first Labour Conference that I attended. I cannot forget it because Ray Ellis, the fiery former miner and Derbyshire MP told me through gritted teeth that Callaghan had "hoisted the white flag of surrender".

The rest, as they say, is history. But the accusation made by John Edmonds during this week's TUC conference, that "Labour is trapped in a right-wing time warp", would be blazingly obvious to Ray Ellis, who knew damn well what was coming even back then.

By sticking to obsolescent neo-liberal economics, with a global recession on the way and growing unemployment, Labour will soon be in hot water with the electorate. And that's one of the key issues that — should some of us on the left — should be elected to the NEC when the results of the election are released at this year's conference in 10 days' time — we would seek to put right.

As a declared Keynesian and former Guardian and Tribune economics columnist, I feel sure that you are championing at the bit, full of new ideas that go beyond the current narrow consensus and even beyond some of the better supply side stuff that Gordon has introduced. Can we bear them? Oh, and do you agree with John Edmonds?

Yours,
Mark Seddon
Editor, Tribune

Dear Mark Seddon,
I am glad you reminded me of Jim Callaghan's speech to the 1976 Labour Party Conference. But if he is remembered more widely for any particular catchphrase, it is the one encapsulated in the 1979 Sun headline "Crisis, What Crisis?" as he attempted to weather the Winter of Discontent.

Yet again, two years of profligacy at the start of Labour's term of office had been punished by the financial markets. The subsequent cruel years of retrenchment hurt the very people Labour had set out to help. This time Gordon Brown is determined not to fall into the same trap — determined to be Chancellor in the first Labour government to win two consecutive terms of office.

Yes, our infrastructure is crumbling, inequality is wider than it has been for a century, the talents of our people have been tragically wasted at the hand of the free market. That is the challenge we face.

But radicalism is worth nothing if its policies are not sustainable and credible. No one will prosper if ill-judged spending stokes up inflation, creates another unsustainable boom, leads to another run on the pound, borrowing crisis, hike in interest rates and slump. You may be happy to run the risk of being forced to turn to the IMF, begging bowl in hand, as Wilson had to in 1976, and squander our chance of rebuilding Britain. I am not. We have to lay solid foundations for the long-term regeneration Britain so desperately needs.

Yours,
Ruth Kelly,
Labour MP for Bolton West

Dear Ruth,
I am truly astonished that you appear to have swallowed the right's distorted view of recent history. "Profligacy", like the Sun's bowdlerisation of Jim Callaghan, is all part of that mythology. For it was the Opec price hike and the resultant raging inflation which blew a whole in the government's economic policy. Then, and subsequently in the Thatcherite eighties,

Confessions of an ex-lefty

page 13 When we announced that we would like to buy a chicken he opened a cage and with his tattooed tree-trunk arms pulled out a terrified bird, saying in a thick accent, "Do you want me to kill it or do you want to do it later — keep it fresh, like."

"Oh no!" we swooned. "Don't kill it — we're going to have it as a pet!" He looked us up and down to check that we hadn't landed from another planet and thrust this very confused chicken into our hands. God had picked out one very lucky hen who was going to chicken paradise where she would have her own coop, a big overgrown garden to run around in, and five students to feed her all the lentils she could eat.

We took her home and put her out the back where she hid under a hedge for three days. She started to flap her wings, peck the ground and discover what being a chicken was

Yes No

Mark Seddon
Left-wing hopeful in NEC elections



Ruth Kelly
Labour MP for Bolton West



Flag day... Will Labour policies help future generations? GARRY WEAVER

it was the low-paid and poor who paid the price.

I don't doubt Gordon Brown's good intentions, nor his deeds. But high interest rates and impossible low inflation targets are hitting manufacturing jobs even before any global recession blows in.

Today the enemy is deflation and panic speculative currency flows. The real challenge for Labour and the left is to work for a transformation of international institutions like the IMF, whose prescriptions in the face of recession always hit the weakest. There is a distinct lack of leadership at the global level, and yet an opportunity for Tony Blair should he want to take it. But the ways of yesterday will not do. Don't take it from me, Ruth. Take it from George Soros who now believes "the global capitalist system is coming apart". He should know.

Yours in hope,
Mark

Dear Mark,

No one disputes the damage done by ill-judged responses world-wide to the 1970s oil shocks, which exacerbated underlying inflationary pressures. But there was no clear framework for keeping inflation under control without slashing spending — apart from ill-fated incomes policies.

Now it is different: the Bank of England exposes its analysis to scrutiny and is judged by results. As a consequence, Labour's problem is for the first time a strong pound rather than a weak one. And as Eddie George said when he became the first Bank governor to address the TUC Conference this week, he will be just as vigorous in cutting rates when required as he has been in raising them.

As to the risk of global recession, signs from the G7 nations are encouraging: co-ordinated action may well be taken to boost demand. But you are right about the need to

reform international institutions. Labour needs to grasp the nettle and argue for a new Bretton Woods. Private banks are poor at allocating international credit. Its markets need to be supervised, and credit allocation regulated by an international authority. As Keynes said: "In normal times, the speculators may do no harm as bubbles on a steady stream of enterprise. But the position becomes serious when enterprise becomes the bubbles on a whirlpool of speculation."

Confidently yours,
Ruth

Dear Ruth,

While I cannot share your faith in Eddie George, whose priorities may not be shared by many Labour voters, it looks as though we are in agreement over some aspects of the global economy. What about Professor Tobin's call for an international tax on speculators? There's one for the pot.

But I am glad that in the limited space allowed, we have managed to have a grown-up debate, with a complete absence of any dread accusation of being "off message". Which takes me back to those NEC elections and the reason some of us have decided to stand. In a democratic socialist party such as Labour there must surely be space for those who do not necessarily agree with the given orthodoxy of the time. Should any of us be elected, a powerful signal will have been sent by the membership to those who wish to centralise and control that this is not the culture of our party.

Now I am not canvassing for your vote, Ruth, but it does strike me that one potential new orthodoxy — Tony Blair's Third Way — deserves some hard-headed criticism, although an NEC meeting may not be the place for it.

Alan Simpson MP and I are shortly to have a go at doing this at the Cambridge Union. Our opponents are two former Tory MPs turned New Labour — Alan Howarth and Peter Temple-Morris — which is all that anyone really needs to know about the Third Way. Will you try and get along?

Yours for socialism,
Mark

Dear Mark,

The Cambridge Union debate is sure to be interesting. But to hazard a guess, Tory MPs defected to Labour because it abandoned class-based politics and embraced "neo-national socialism" when 13 years of Thatcherism had destroyed people's sense of belonging to a successful national project.

Under the Tories, the long-term growth rate slumped from 2.57 per cent in 1979 to just over 2 per cent; the UK's productivity gap with France and Germany was around 20 per cent and 40 per cent with the US; and the UK continued to invest a lower share of GDP than the OECD average. We now need a common economic purpose.

The New Deal is not just about giving hope to young people, important though that is. It is about a Labour Government addressing the fundamental weaknesses of the UK economy — a crusade to raise national productivity. The new Working Families Tax Credit, underpinned by a minimum wage, will make work pay; and the Investing in Britain Fund will nearly double net public capital investment in this country from £7 billion to £15 billion to modernise infrastructure.

As to the NEC elections, I am delighted party structures allow members to be represented properly at last. I look forward to the election of people who want to play a part in the exciting project facing us, working to modernise the party, just as the Labour Government has set out to modernise Britain and secure the higher productivity on which growth, employment and living standards depend.

With regards from the radical centre,
Ruth

Smallweed



Twenty-eight months of community service — that's from now until the next presidential elections — would be an appropriate punishment for improper Bill Clinton, the columnist Maureen Dowd suggested this week. This chimes with Smallweed's own view that the US constitution ought to contain a sliding scale of penances for naughty presidents.

I had hoped to find some guidance in the Penitential Code of Ermenfrid, bishop of Sion, to which I alluded last week, but curiously Waterstone's do not have it in stock. There is, however, a useful account of it in one of the Oxford histories, Anglo-Saxon England, by FM Stenton. Everyone who had fought at Hastings, he says, was required to do a year's penance for every man he had killed, with separate provisions for those who had killed or injured adversaries but had negligently failed to count them, and even for those who had gone out intending to injure, but failed. Archers — that's people with bows, I think, not people called Archer — had to serve a penance equivalent to a triple Lent.

The rich, of course, could duck their penances by coughing up money for worthy causes — almsgiving, for instance, or the building of churches. "The realism of the decrees" says Stenton, who does not throw around compliments lightly, "is admirable." If Ermenfrid could handle this assignment so brilliantly in around the year 1070,

there must be smart people in Washington who could do the same now.

What a sassy move by Clinton to invoke Psalm 51, thus reminding the world of a head of state who'd behaved even worse than he had. King David did not merely consort in dark corners of the Oval Office with women with rather large mouths while dealing with government business over the phone: he helped himself to Bathsheba, wife of Uriah the Hittite, whom he'd seen washing herself in her yard. He was walking on the roof at the time. He then had Uriah sent into the midst of the hottest battle, that he might be smitten, and die; which is just what happened. He let Bathsheba mourn for a while; then he married her.

For all of which he was subsequently rebuked by Nathan the Prophet in rather stronger language than the President's three new spiritual gurus are likely to turn on him. He was, however, spared the judgment of any fact-finding committee, let alone global exposure on the Internet. There was in those days, you might say, no Starr in the East.

People often say what a good actor Bill is: better than Reagan, even. I disagree. Just watch those lips, the way they tremble, the way he bites them. When a politician bites his lip it doesn't mean he's genuine: it simply means he wants us to think he is genuine. I guess he has a lip-trembling coach, perhaps with a very large month, secreted in the White House. One final thought on this farrago: when is someone going to turn it into an opera? John Adams, preferably. After Nixon in China, Clinton in Deep, Deep Schtuck.

To my list of the world's great anagrams — orchestra/ carthorse/ phoneboxes/ xenophobes — I have this week attached a new one found in a crossword (in the Times, I'm

afraid). Synthetic cream is an anagram of Manchester City.

The astrology trade did nothing last week to remove the doubts about it expressed here last week. Almost as one they announced last weekend that Wednesday would be wonderful for us fishy folk because the Sun was in collision with Jupiter, or something equally torrid. Well, some of it was — especially the ENO's new production of Otello, which for all its mixed reviews, seemed pretty gripping to me: note down for the future the names of Robert Hayward (Iago) and Rebecca de Pont Davies (Emilia). But much of it wasn't. "You can't do that!" I roared at my printer when those suffered yet again what those charming people at Microsoft call a Fatal Exception: "the Sun is in collision with Jupiter, or something equally torrid." But as usual it took no notice.

Smallweed's rage against newspaper astrology is shared. I am glad to say, by a student of astrology in Kyde, IOW, who says it is a ridiculous travesty of the real thing ("whatever that is"). He also casts new light on the concept of flive-chicken catr as geek. Bob Dylan used the word in song in the sixties. A geek, he explained, is a man who bites the head off a live chicken, eats it and then eats the rest of it. He had come across one in a carnival. The bearded lady told him that the geek was liked by no one else in the company, kept himself to himself, and regarded everyone else in the troupe as strange and freaky. I would quote the appropriate verse but for the Draconian laws on copyright in such matters.

Perspicacious And Not Ashamed To Admit It (Boole) writes: I could not find a word on crenellations, bifurcated or otherwise. In your column last week. Why was that? Smallweed responds with insufferable smugness: Because last week there was no good reason to mention them. This week is different.

The Readers' Editor on... the thousandth correction Trouble is my business

Ian Mayes Open door



This week we published the 1,000th entry in the daily Corrections and Clarifications column. A reader writes, "While you are to be praised for your policy of correcting errors as soon as possible, might I suggest that a hard boot up the arse of the journalists concerned would save you a lot of this daily embarrassment?"

Another reader, turning her attention specifically to me, writes, "I don't think there has ever been a more misleadingly titled column than your own. There has never yet been a serious complaint that you have supported. Every week I read your explanations, excuses and justifications of whatever the newspaper has chosen to print in the preceding week."

"Why don't you appoint a real reader of the newspaper to investigate reader's [sic] genuine concerns about The Guardian's [sic] lapses of taste/decent/liberal ideology or if that is, as I suspect, the last thing any newspaper is willing to do, why don't you at least give the column a more honest title — The Editor's Reader, for example?"

The title of this column, as regular readers will have noticed, is actually Open Door (it shows perhaps how easily mistakes are made). I believe the title describes reasonably accurately what we are trying to do.

Leaving aside the corrections for

a moment, here are some (only some) of the "serious" matters that have appeared in this Saturday column, in which I have agreed, on balance, with the complaints that prompted the discussion.

I have chastised the Guardian for its presentation of a story touching the crash in which Diana, Princess of Wales, was killed; for insensitivity in the language and presentation of an article about hard porn; for a motoring article that appeared to be advocating the breaking of laws designed to prevent death and injury; for failing to acknowledge the suffering of Turkish Cypriots in an article about Cyprus; for sloppy practice in making what purported to be direct quotes; for failure to apply rigorous standards of care and accuracy to the content of sidebars; for displacing puzzles and readers' letters from the magazine without adequate consideration; for failing to declare a relevant special interest on the part of a writer; for flipping, or otherwise manipulating, pictures; and in two or three other columns I have remonstrated with my colleagues over grammatical lapses.

I suspect that what prompted the second of the two letters I've quoted (that one, by the way, in full), was that in this column, in the last two weeks, I have discussed complaints about matters for which I did not feel it necessary to censure the paper. One was the publication on our foreign news pages of a photograph of a dead person. The other, last week, was our publication of three extracts from a book about the murderers Fred and Rose West.

I felt more confident in my conclusion to the first of these discussions than to the second. But I don't feel that my conclusion is necessarily the most important thing, and I hope you don't, either. The most important thing is that these subjects should be aired in a frank and

civilised way. (Many columns have been written in fulfilment of another part of my brief, which is to explain to readers the workings of the paper.)

I began one column (less than a couple of months ago), with the words, "The contents of the daily Corrections column this week have been horrendous and shameful... Doesn't that sound strong enough?" As I said at the beginning, we have published this week the 1,000th entry in Corrections and Clarifications. I have pointed out on several occasions that not all calls result in corrections — in fact, more than 5,000 people have contacted my office since last November.

But the corrections that are made I try to make impartially. We have made corrections at the request of, or on behalf of — let's see — Christine Hamilton, Colonel Gaddafi, the British National Party and a convicted paedophile. (I don't suggest they are in any way connected, except that they may not be considered to be popular Guardian causes.) When we get it wrong we will, as often as possible, put it right.

Since the Corrections column started, three journalists have been severely reprimanded by the editor: one for a failure that led to a libel; one for a lack of attention that caused unwarranted distress to those involved; and one for the invention of quotes. All these matters were the subject of acknowledgment and apology in the Corrections column. We are in the process of stepping up the number of formal inquiries we hold into our more serious lapses.

If you think we are not serious about self-regulation, then perhaps you haven't been paying attention.

Readers may contact the office of the Readers' Editor by telephoning 0171 239 5558 between 11am and 5pm, Monday to Friday. Surface mail to Readers' Editor, The Guardian, 119, Farringdon Road, London EC1R 3EP. Fax: 0171 239 5597. E-mail: reader@guardian.co.uk

The writer



John O'Farrell became a full-time comedy writer after he lost his job as an MP's researcher in the House of Commons following Labour's defeat in the 1987 elections. He was a lead writer of Spitting Image for five years before moving on to Have I Got News For You. He has also written for Clive Anderson, Nick Hancock, Dawn French and Rory Bremner. He occasionally contributes jokes to the speeches of the Chancellor, Gordon Brown.



Then another member will speak. They believe in state education, but there are no good primary schools in their area, so the expensive prep school is the only option. We nod and say, "That's OK, we understand, the mess the Tories left our schools in is forcing all of us to make some very difficult choices." We are all very understanding and sympathetic to each other — in direct contrast to the cries of "Fascist!" we would have shrieked at one another years ago.

People who were embarrassed left-wing in the eighties still bear the soul-tortured scars of those years. We buy over-priced dusters at our front door and hope the vendor hasn't etched a special mark that denotes "sucker" on our front gate.

We drive around with a carload of bottles to take to the bottle bank some time, thereby using far more petrol than we would otherwise have done.

In my mid-thirties, I was part of the oed establishment, a member of the safe and tepid middle classes. Part of a whole generation of former angry young men and women who had grown into mellow middle age. A friend said it was just as well we didn't all go on demonstrations any more because the chants would have changed somewhat: —

"What do we want?
A winter-flowering daisy!
When do we want it?
Before we lay the patio!"

We were no longer a threat. In its 18 years of opposition, the Labour Party had come of age, and I had grown up with it. But just because I was more left-wing when I was younger does not mean I'll admit to having moved to the right in my old age. I just stayed in the Labour Party, that's all. The membership card is still there in my wallet. It's between the oed for the

National Trust and the Marks & Spencer chargecard.

All right, so I've got a nice house and a four-door family saloon and bottles of wine that I didn't drink on the day I bought them. And, all right, I don't go to Labour Party meetings any more, or eat bean-burgers or wear T-shirts with slogans on.

And, all right, I used to rail against my parents for having money and calling themselves left wing. But someone from the local Labour Party came round recently and asked me if I would deliver some leaflets. If I'd changed that much, I would have said no. If I'd changed that much, I would have said I couldn't be bothered. But I took the leaflets and two weeks later they were all delivered. Every single one. I paid our air a fiver to do them for me.

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What
rather

Marx on
politics



The

Wiener



What every father needs

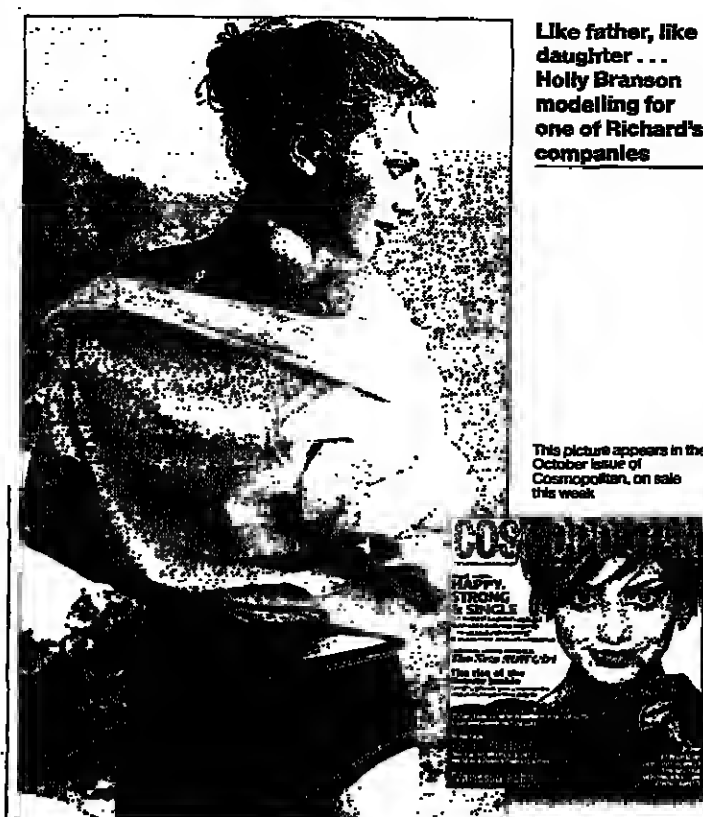
When all else fails, a pretty daughter on your arm can boost your image no end, says **Jess Cartner-Morley**

Imagine you're a well-known public figure in need of some positive publicity. You desperately need a flattering picture on the front pages to give your image a boost. The trouble is, what with the receding hairline and middle-aged spread, you're hardly giving *Kate Moss* any sleepless nights. But don't panic: the answer is close to home. All you need for the perfect photo opportunity is a teenage daughter.

Lounging on a bed wearing only a pair of Virgin jeans in this month's *Cosmo*, 16-year-old Holly Branson has done almost as much for Virgin Clothing as her father's millions. Richard Branson has long been his own PR machine — this, after all, is the man who

dressed up in full pilot's gear, complete with goggles, to guarantee the launch of his airline a place on the front pages. But he is humble — and savvy — enough to realise that Holly is now his most photogenic asset.

The families of public figures have always snuffed for the camera, but photo opportunities have to move with the times. The traditional family portrait, staged in the garden in Sunday best, became a cliché. Dogs had their day — many a trusty Labrador has bumped up a politician's ratings — but the man's best friend theme can look a little macho (unless, of course, you are David Blunkett). In modern Britain, then, you need a woman's touch.



Like father, like daughter... Holly Branson modelling for one of Richard's companies

This picture appears in the October issue of *Cosmopolitan*, on sale this week

offspring like Laura Patten are always a credit to their parents. The *Daily Mail* called Laura "the Daddy's Girl who stole the show", but the Governor didn't seem to

mind the attention. Laura was Hong Kong's answer to Tara Palmer-Tomkinson and all he had to do to keep his face on the front pages was stand next to her. In fact, Laura later revealed that it was her father who had chosen the mini credited with launching "Laura-nesia".

When it comes to daughters, it's the more the merrier. The late John Smith scored a hat-trick by having no less than three beautiful daughters: perfect for adding a dash of glamour to the Labour Party conference.

But daughters aren't just for fundraising evenings and triumphant arrivals. In times of crises, they come into their own, as Richard Branson figured out years ago. In 1989, a planned April Fool fiasco when a hot air balloon — designed to look like a UFO in a typically naïf Branson-esque attempt to give Londoners a fright — fell to earth during a test run. To make things worse, Branson faced some criticism from the police for what was described by some as an irresponsible and ill-advised prank.

To save face, Branson posed for a heartwarming photo in front of the collapsed balloon, complete with rueful smile. And who was there looking lovely in the photo? Holly.

Branson is not alone. Martin Bell's daughter proved an asset in the famous *Tatler* election. And when Jonathan Aitken, the former Conservative cabinet minister, appeared in court this week on perjury charges, he enlisted the support of his 18-

year-old daughter Alexandra to flash her smile for the cameras. The daughter effect is not without pitfalls. "There is a taste issue involved in using your family for publicity," warns Max Clifford. "Personally, I don't think Aitken should have taken his daughter to court. It makes him look very calculating. He is already perceived to have put one daughter in a difficult position, and I think most people will take a dim view of him using the other one for positive publicity."

Right now, no one could do with a little positive publicity more than Bill Clinton. And Clinton is the master of the photo opportunity — who could forget him dancing on the beach with Hillary, a romantic moment captured in the soft focus of the telephoto lens? But it would be unthinkable for Clinton to drag his daughter in front of the cameras now. Sympathy for Chelsea is possibly the one element which unites observers of the Clinton scandal, and any attempt to invade her privacy in what must be excruciating times would surely be enough to send Clinton's seemingly scandal-proof ratings plunging.

So Clinton is unable to draw on the public support of his potentially most powerful ally. Meanwhile, Al Gore is waiting in the wings, with no less than three daughters by his side.

Marx on politics

These are my principles. If you don't like them, I have others.

Politics is the art of looking for trouble, finding it, misdiagnosing it and then misapplying the wrong remedies.

'Politics doesn't make strange bedfellows, marriage does'

'In America you can go on air and kid the politicians, and the politicians can go on air and kid the people'



The Marxing of Groucho

The great quipster a Communist? Pull the other one. But, asks **Jon Wiener**, why did the FBI feel the need to open a file on him in the fifties?



No, they didn't confuse him with Karl. In 1953 the FBI really did want to know if Groucho Marx was a member of the Communist Party. Apparently the bureau was not familiar with Groucho's famous motto: "I don't want to belong to any club that will accept me as a member." In response to a Freedom of Information Act request, the FBI released 186 pages of its file on Groucho, who died in 1977 at 82. It contains a report to J Edgar Hoover dated December 1953 on "the affiliation, if any, of Groucho [sic] Marx with the Communist Party".

Most of the Groucho file concerns a 1937 copyright infringement case having nothing to do with politics. But the file also includes a 17-page report on the FBI's 1953 "Internal Security" investigation of Groucho's politics, as well as letters sent by concerned citizens to the FBI in the late fifties and early sixties denouncing Groucho for jokes he cracked on his TV show, *You Bet Your Life*. Sixteen pages of information about Groucho have been withheld virtually in their entirety on the ground that they need to be "kept secret in the interest of national defence of foreign policy". As Groucho said, "Military intelligence is a contradiction in terms."

The 1953 report's Synopsis of Facts "begins with a 'remark' made by a 'rank and file member of the Communist Party (CP), San Diego County' who had 'recently' told a confidential informant that: 'Groucho [sic] Marx contributes heavily to CP'. But Los Angeles informants, familiar with CP activity in Hollywood... throughout 1940s, state Marx was never affiliated with

CP and never a contributor so far as informants are aware." Case closed? No: The report then cites a 1934 article in the *Daily Worker* quoting Groucho on the topic of the Scottsboro Boys defence. "The battle of Communists for the lives of these boys... is one that will be taught in Soviet America as the most inspiring and courageous battle ever fought." This sounds distinctly un-Groucho-like, especially the year after *Duck Soup*, the anarchic, anti-fascist farce widely regarded as the Marx Brothers' greatest film, and the year before *A Night at the Opera*, their most successful. The *Daily Worker* quote about "Soviet America" might have provided the occasion when Groucho first said, "Quote me as saying I was misquoted."

The same *Daily Worker* article hailed Groucho as a person of "working class origin" who "has never forgotten his origin" — and his nonsense contains, as many have felt, considerable satire and passionate thrusts at contemporary society. The piece quoted Groucho describing the imprisonment of labour leader Tom Mooney as "an outrage. There's absolutely no question in my mind that he's innocent... If it wasn't for political reasons he would have been released years ago." Tom Mooney was indeed the target of the most notorious frame-up of a labour leader in the 20th century — a socialist and prominent opponent of US entry into the first world war, he served 23 years in California prisons for the deaths of 10 people killed when a bomb exploded in 1916 during the Preparedness Day parade in San Francisco. Eventually, the trial judge and jurors publicly stated they had erred, and in 1939 the

governor of California pardoned Mooney. But apparently the FBI in 1953 still considered support for Tom Mooney to be subversive.

Groucho's other offences, according to the FBI, included attending a benefit concert in 1942 for Russian War Relief; supporting a group in 1945 that opposed UN recognition of the fascist government in Spain; and joining the actors, writers and directors of the Committee of the First Amendment, which co-edited the House Un-American Activities Committee (HUAC's) 1947 investigations in Hollywood — a group that included Bogart and Bacall and Sinatra. Although Groucho once said, "Whatever it is, I'm against it," he apparently was for the First Amendment — and part of the forties Hollywood left.

Why was the FBI conducting an "internal security" investigation of Groucho in 1953? That year, his TV show was number three in the ratings. HUAC was holding hearings in Hollywood and one of the witnesses the committee called was the bandleader on Groucho's show, Jerry Fielding, named the same year as a Communist sympathiser in Walter Winchell's syndicated column. Of the 240 groups on the Attorney General's List of Subversive Organizations, Fielding later said he belonged to at least 60. But Fielding was a small fry. Why were they after him?

"I think they wanted me to name Groucho," Fielding told the actor's biographer, Hector Arce. Bringing down the man with the number three show on TV would have been a stunning victory for HUAC and Hoover. Instead, they had to settle for the show's bandleader. Fielding took the Fifth,

after which the corporate sponsor of *You Bet Your Life*, DeSoto-Plymouth Dealers of America, demanded that he be fired. Groucho did what he was told. "That I bowed to the sponsors' demands is one of the greatest regrets of my life," he wrote in 1976 in *The Secret Word Is Groucho*. Lots of people did worse — at least Groucho never named anybody. And at least he apologised publicly — even if it was 23 years after the fact.

A second set of documents in Groucho's FBI file consists of communications by loyal Americans to J Edgar Hoover in 1959-61, complaining about Groucho's TV show. One caller described the appearance of a "stumble bum", who admitted being a "former pugilist and bootlegger". Groucho reportedly asked: "You mean you were a bootlegger for the FBI?" The caller said that he "felt Marx's question was in poor taste" and "wanted to call it to the Bureau's attention". In subsequent internal correspondence, one FBI official declared: "It was in poor taste but I do not feel any further action is warranted."

One letter urged Hoover to watch the show on which a guest spoke Russian to Groucho. Amazingly, the FBI acted on the suggestion. A memo to Hoover's assistant, Cartha DeLoach, reported that "the show was monitored and there was nothing on it concerning the Bureau." It concluded: "It is not felt that anything can be accomplished by acknowledging [the] letter, and if we do we will undoubtedly promote further correspondence."

One letter to Hoover complained

that Groucho referred to the United States as "the United Snakes" and suggested that the FBI investigate him "as being a communist." "By the way, your own book, *Masters of Deceit*, is a masterpiece." (This one spelled Groucho correctly, but came up with a last name of "Marks".)

Hoover's secretary, Helen Gandy, replied with an acknowledgment and added a note to the file that "Marx is the subject of Bu-file 100-407258. His real name is Julius H Marx." Six different FBI officials initiated the memo, indicating the significance attributed to it.

The same person wrote again a year later, in 1961, a longer letter declaring, "I am outraged by this show, which appeared to be full of Communist propaganda... The Red stench was unmistakable. The programme went out of the way to make the automobile industry of this country appear to be silly and the American people weak, incompetent and arrogant." Groucho, the correspondent wrote, "said, in speaking of the American people, 'They drove around in their ARROGANCE'."

The writer went on to declare that Groucho "was a member of the Red front called 'Committee for the First Amendment'" and that he "signed a Cablegram of allegiance to Stalin... Please write and let me know if this is correct and what other information I am entitled, as a United States citizen, to know concerning his Red affiliations, so I can speak with authority when discussing him."

This letter received a personal reply from Hoover: "While I would like to be of assistance, the jurisdiction and responsibilities of the FBI... do not extend to furnishing eval-

uations or comments concerning the character or integrity of any individual." Hoover enclosed a helpful pamphlet, "What You Can Do To Fight Communism and Preserve America."

Most of the material in the FBI file on Groucho's politics was previously unknown. His authorised biography, written by Hector Arce and published in 1979, contains a few references to "Groucho's deep convictions... about national and world conditions" in the thirties, and remarks about the forties that "had been more generous in support of the liberal, leftist causes he believed in, chances are that the post-war Communist witch-hunt in Hollywood would have blacklisted the Hollywood Eleven instead of the Hollywood Ten" — a bit of hyperbole, especially since Arce also asked Groucho's stockbroker whether "Groucho, because of his political beliefs, refused to invest in the war machine." The broker replied that, "while Groucho may have espoused causes that were not right from an economic point of view, if... it jeopardised his economic position, he would try to protect it."

Groucho once said, "Those are my principles. If you don't like them, I have others." Nevertheless, the FBI file suggests that Groucho wasn't just a cynical, wisecracking comedian; he seems to have been a man of the left and, later, of liberal principles — for which posterity may thank him. But Groucho wouldn't have been impressed; as he once said, "Why should I care about posterity? What's posterity ever done for me?"

This article appears in the September 28 edition of the *Nation* magazine.

books

Who went all the way with RFK? **Peter Preston** doubts that it ever really mattered

Smut from Camelot

RFK: A Candid Biography
by David Heymann
596pp, Heinemann, £20

What, pray, is a candid biography? You'd suppose, 30 years after Bobby Kennedy's assassination, that nobody would want to write anything which wasn't "frank" and "impartial" (the standard definitions). But here, of course, we have semantic creep as well as mission creep — and all the other little creeps.

A pity? In several ways. David Heymann is a diligent archive toiler. His chapters on Jimmy Hoffa and Bobby the campaign manager, in particular, are shrewd and illuminating. Yet they still seem mere fig-leaves to the writhing tales of Kennedy sex exploits: they are not the point of the exercise. At a time like this, with a book like this, what else do you expect?

Best, then, to take the charges on the chin (or any other suitable part of the anatomy). A couple of years ago, in *The Dark Side of Camelot*, Seymour Hersh emptied one can of dung over the memory of John F Kennedy: mob girls, call girls, Hollywood girls, show girls, anything in a skirt that moved. Here Heymann empties a parallel can over his brother.

Bobby, we're told, may have been marginally less promiscuous than John, marginally more inclined to let a scrap of human feeling cloud his conquests. But he was still a sleazeball, another Kennedy to make President Bill look a puny amateur. And the questions follow naturally.

All this stuff flows from the dusty fifties and tentatively swinging early sixties? Why did nobody seem — at the time — to care? Where does perspective lie?

The first thing (and it is perhaps Heymann's most useful service) is to plough through his commodious appendices of sources. On politics, they're solid enough: Larry O'Brien, Ken O'Donnell, insiders who really were on the inside. But the sex side is infinitely flimsier: an ex-Secret Service guard called Venker (or Benker — he's spelled both ways) and an assortment of gossip columnists, self-proclaimed ex-mistresses, Palm Beach art dealers, property developers, and "former aides". We hear a great deal from Truman

Capote, the precise reverse of a reliable source, and dead to boot. We hear even more from Peter Lawford, who waited seedily between the Kennedy Clan and the Sinatra Rat Pack before falling out with both and dying in a haze of booze and additional medications.

They do not, as a chorus of accusation, command any great credibility. There's enough here to confirm that John Kennedy was a serial adulterer anywhere in the White House and beyond; that Bobby lurched from affair to affair whilst Ethel bore his nine children; and that their father, Joe, was a malign lecher and parent from hell.

But Heymann turns up the volume too loud. Were Bobby Kennedy and Jackie Kennedy (post-Dallas) lovers? Did Bobby have the real affair with Mary Jo Kopechne? Can the death of Marilyn Monroe be given still more sinister twists? This is a torrent of allegations, not a stream, and its surface is covered in flotsam. You know the principal characters on the life raft in the middle aren't guilty as voluntarily charged. They couldn't have done half of this and run their country between whites; not in 24-hour days. Too many waves, too much smoke, too little time.

So the relevancies to modern days accumulate. There are always people — hangers on, pimps and dreamers — who find their own fifteen seconds of fame in the embroidery or invention of escapades behind the drawn curtains of power. Some keep soiled dresses, some notebooks; but what they say is not necessarily the whole truth or everything adjacent to that truth. Did RFK and JFK do the deeds here alleged? Not all of them, perhaps not many of them: but enough to draw the fantasists and self-publicists to flutter in their flame.

Remember, too, the dirt deliberately spread. Lyndon Johnson was an ace muck spreader. The story of supposed photographs of Jack and Bobby in women's dresses spread by word of mouth from somewhere very close to LBJ. Photos of the brothers as transvestites in a gay orgy? Why not? Anything went, though not in the reverse direction. These were not kinder, purer times. Such remain constant in Arkansas as well as Texas. Visceral hatred didn't begin with Whitewater. More relevantly still, though:

how much did it matter? How much does our knowledge of what went on in the swimming pool or the hotel bedroom affect our assessment of what, in the public realm, they achieved? The answer is very little, if anything at all.

Bobby Kennedy, like his brothers, was damaged goods. Somewhere in the genes or in the blight of his upbringing, he had developed a schizoid amorality. He loved his wife (see what a wreck she became after his death). He loved his kids. He led the Clan, after his brother's murder, with a rare devotion. It was as though the other side of his life did not exist.

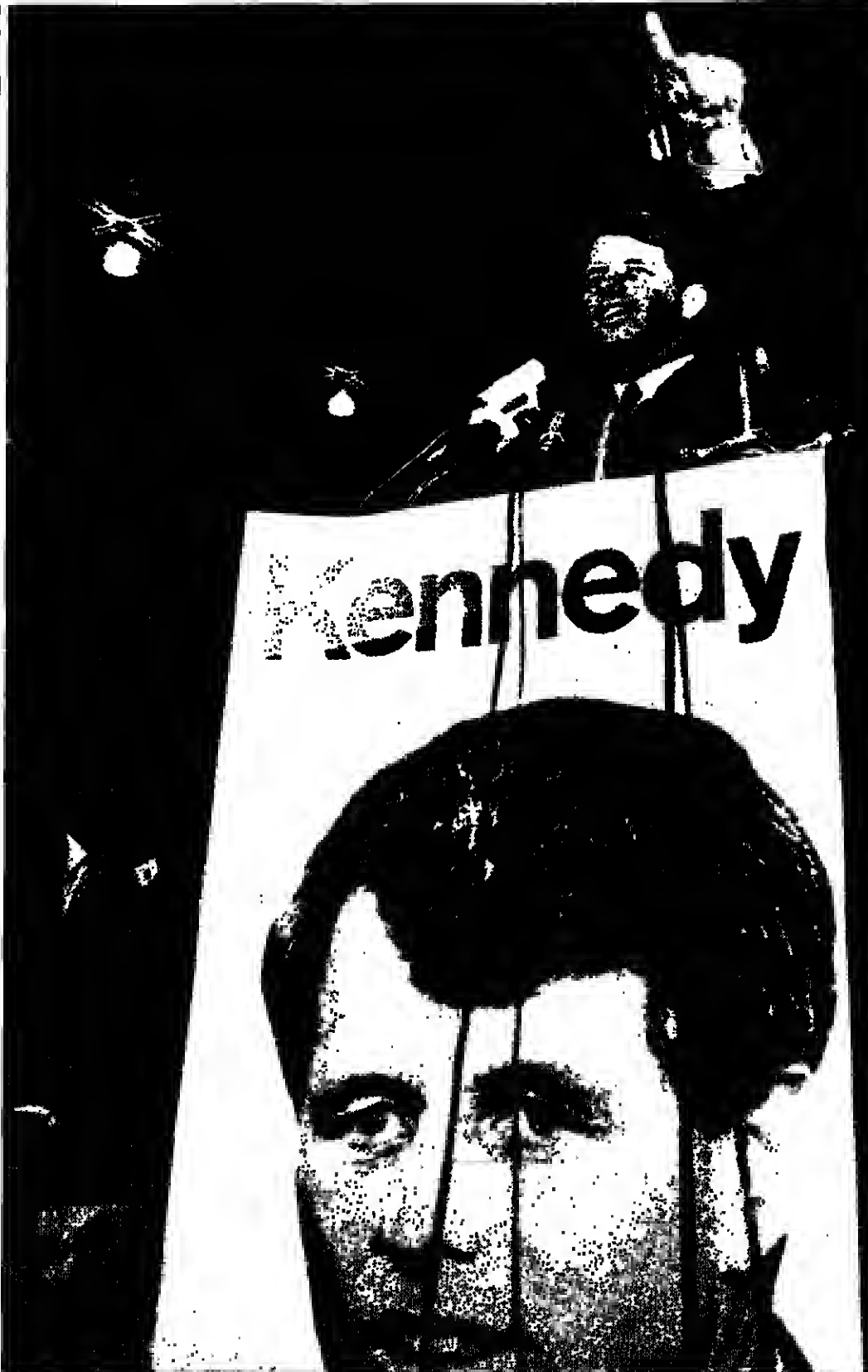
Nor did it when political push came to shove. The Bobby who came to loathe Roy Cohn (Joe McCarthy's lead hatchet man) picked his enemies with fine moral precision. The Bobby who turned his fire on the Teamsters was a reformer without fear. The Bobby who steered his brother's election was the first great master of modern politicking.

So, he was a hater and a twister and his instincts — on Vietnam as much else — were uncertain. But he was still a force of nature and a force for good. When the time to be counted on civil rights, he counted himself in. Camelot may have had its dark side, but the side that mattered then, and matters in history.

David Heymann probably thinks this too. At least, he attempts no synthesis between Bobby Jekyll and Bobby Hyde. The two versions of this Kennedy — one promiscuous and viciously deplorable, the other brave and dogged — merely skip through his pages on separate paths which never meet.

And perhaps that isn't failure, but a kind of truth. When we write of Bill Clinton these days, or of Hillary, we assume an integration of personality to mirror our own. How could he be fornicating one moment and going beyond the call of Northern Irish duty the next? How could she stand by this man? But how could Bobby mix sex with his support for Cesar Chavez or his dedication to Martin Luther King? How could Rose Kennedy stay with the despicable Joe?

Answer: they are not people like us, even if we are what we think we are. They have their boxes in the mind, and their accommodations, their settlements. And if we set our faces against them and what they offer — what Bobby and Jack did offer — we are the losers too.



Jekyll and Hyde... Bobby Kennedy bids for the presidency

PHOTOGRAPH BY LAWRENCE SCHILLER FOR CAMERA PRESS

The Loafer

Clare Alexander, ex-editorial doyenne of Viking, and more recently, Macmillan, has followed the likes of editors such as David Godwin and Alexandra Fringle and become a literary agent. She will join Aitken Stone to work alongside Gillon Aitken and Anthony Harwood, and aims to build her own client base in both fiction and non-fiction. Emphasising that she had plenty of offers to choose from, both here and in the States, Alexander says she opted for agency life in order to get back to the real business of working with authors and their manuscripts. However, she confesses to a few feelings of trepidation: "It's a bit like the first day back at school." So is she nervous of being shouted at by the teacher? "No, no," she said. "I've known Gillon for years and years. And who knows, I might do a bit of shouting myself." That should strike fear in to the hearts of editors throughout London.

The Cheltenham Literary Festival celebrates its 49th year with an exceptionally bold manifesto. "Man the barricades!" opens the press release, throwing linguistic political correctness to the winds, and continues: "1998 will be a revolutionary year for the Cheltenham Festival, as it explores the literature of rebellion, the poetry of freedom and the language of rock'n'roll. Like sans-culottes in the streets of Paris, crowds will flock to the popular Gloucestershire town...". In similarly purple vein, Festival Director John Walsh proclaims the gathering to be "ten days of wit, learning, insight and liberation." Well, Tariq Ali and Marilyn Butler quite possibly, but how Alan Titchmarsh and Raymond Blanc, let alone Sir Edward Heath and Alan Clark, are going to stoke the bonfires of sedition is an interesting question to ponder. And one presumes that the Festival's sponsors, who include British Energy, Virgin and Waitrose, have no objection to such a radical agenda.

Rather different fates have befallen two booksellers keen to try their hand at the old writing game. The first concerns Martin Lee, Waterstones' Marketing Director, who submitted a delightful tale of love and romance to Mills and Boon. The novel, which apparently features a burgeoning relationship between two skydivers, was submitted under the name Verity Lovelchild, but alas, failed to make it through M&B's rigorous selection procedure and was duly rejected. Better luck for Ottakar's Juliet McKenna, who has secured a two-book deal with Little, Brown, beginning with a fantasy novel, *The Thief's Gamble* — and all without the help of an agent.

Norman Mailer likes a fight. Even the wrong one, says **James Campbell**

Gloves off, final round

The Time of Our Time
by Norman Mailer
1288pp, Little, Brown, £25

When two men pass on the street and say good morning, Norman Mailer once observed, there is a winner and a loser. The remark betrays all of Mailer's dreary competitiveness, and yet contains a grain of truth. A reader's guess on it might be this: both men are Norman Mailer. Every book he writes contains a winner and a loser. Or, to put it another way, a near-genius and a fool.

The Time of Our Time is a humper retrospective, published to celebrate Mailer's seventy-fifth birthday. If it exhibits the excesses of foolishness and egotism as much as all his other books, it also shows what an intelligent and even delicate writer Mailer can be. Insights come spinning off him like sparks from a Catherine wheel. For half a century, he has made it his business to track the spirit of the times, as it pulses through war, race relations, the rise of television, the Kennedy phenomenon, the meaning of sport, the emergence of hip, the exploration of outer space.

Again and again, while reading this enjoyable collection, one is reminded of how large Mailer's ambitions were, and how being frank about his talent was part of his preparation for the task. "It is my present and future work," he wrote in 1959, "which will have the deepest influence of any work being done by an American novelist in these years." Just to be the best was not enough — Mailer,

whose first ambition was to become an aeronautical engineer, now wanted to be an engineer of the human psyche: "I am imprisoned within a perception that will settle for nothing less than making a revolution in the consciousness of our time."

Mailer may have mistaken the social and moral revolution that was taking place around him in mid-century for one he was making himself. What he did, though, was to put himself forward as a test case for these changes, offering the character "Norman Mailer" as a volunteer who would chart the confusion of the post-war, post-A-bomb world.

The first examples of his off-beat philosophy were his diagnoses of "hip", which he regarded as a direct response to the global power struggles of the late 1940s. The hipster, who was first sighted in Greenwich Village as the new decade dawned, was "... the man who knows that if our collective condition is to live with instant death by atomic war... why then the only life-giving answer is to accept the terms of death, to

live with death as immediate danger, to divorce oneself from society... to set out on that uncharted journey into the rebellious imperatives of the self". In his 1957 essay, "The White Negro", Mailer explained how the white hipster took his cue from his fellow American, the "invisible man". "And in this wedding of the white and the black it was the Negro who brought the cultural dowry."

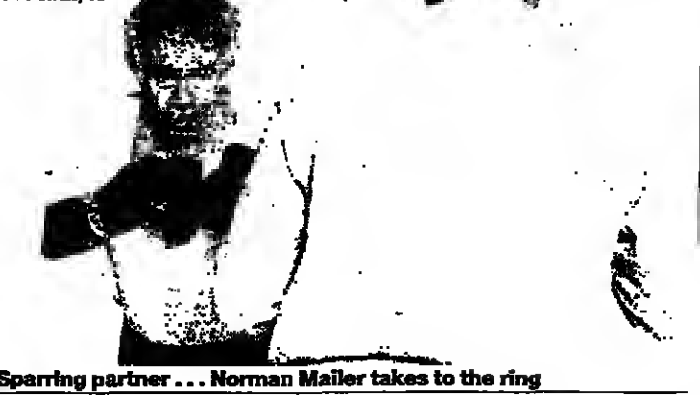
He was less alert, ten years later, when a different creature, equally a product of the times, appeared. So absorbed was Mailer from the start in "becoming a man", in keeping his nerve, and so on, that he missed the stirrings of feminism. When the first feminist writings of the 1960s were published, Mailer was caught off-guard and fought back with rabbit punches. Kate Millet was "nothing if not a pug-nosed wit", which was good, "since in literary matters she had not much else". In the land of Millet, as he put it, "bile and

bubbles of intellectual flatulence coursed in the river". Why all this vitriol? Because he had, somewhat late in the day (1971), read the writing on the wall. "Everywhere were signs that... women must win." Winning is all, but before his unwelcome excursion into the malodorous land of Millet, Mailer had never considered that the battle would be other than between a man and a man.

Fighting metaphors are everywhere in Mailer's writing, as they are, presumably, in his mind, heart, groin and bowels. Probably no-one has written better about boxing than he has. *The Fight* (1975), about the Ali-Foreman contest in Zaire, and the earlier "10,000 Words a Minute", on the one-round Liston-Paterson bout, are both generously excerpted here. Less well known is a later piece about the Grammar Gym in New York, where Mailer spent his Saturday mornings training and sparring until he hung up his gloves at the age of 58.

Robert Lowell once told Mailer that he considered him "the best journalist in America", which the author of *The Naked and the Dead*, *An American Dream* and other novels took as a backhanded compliment. Mailer lacks the disinterested temperament of the best novelists; his fiction is usually out to make a point, which the reader often finds imposing, whereas in journalism that is expected of him.

As one would expect, this collection is obnoxious and brilliant, in equal measures. But when the two Norman Mailers next pass in the street and say good morning, it is the better half who will be the winner.



Sparring partner... Norman Mailer takes to the ring

Zachary Leader on the medicine of tennis

Game, set, no match

The Tennis Partner: A Doctor's Story of Friendship and Loss
by Abraham Verghese
345pp, Chatto, £16.99

Abraham Verghese, a professor of medicine at Texas Tech University in El Paso, and the author of a book on the treatment of AIDS, specializes in infectious diseases, especially those transmitted by intravenous drug use. Ever alert for "underlying malignancy", he prides himself on identifying "tell-tale symptoms and signature illnesses". At the bedside of a patient who injects cocaine, for example, he reels off a repertoire of symptoms: "crack keratitis", "crack thumb", "crack hands", and a Parkinson's-like tremor and movement disorder whose name was coined on the street: "crack dance."

Among the pupils Verghese instructs is his tennis partner, David Smith, an "extern", or fourth-year medical student. Smith, an Australian, came to Texas on a tennis scholarship and briefly played on the pro tour. Verghese is drawn to him not only because of the tennis, but because he senses a kindred spirit. Smith, though, turns out himself to be addicted to intravenously injected cocaine, something Verghese discovers embarrassingly late. Everyone at Texas Tech tries to help: Smith is whisked off to clinics, signed up with AA and NA, rigorously monitored and mentored. He himself stays clean, struggles manfully to stay clean. Nothing works. As Smith's life unravels (he committed suicide in 1994, aged thirty-five), Verghese ponders the

nature and causes of addiction, the limits of friendship, and the medicinal properties of tennis.

Much of this memoir's power derives from Verghese's account of his own vulnerabilities. Verghese was born in Ethiopia of Indian parents and attended medical school in Madras. He emigrated to America in his twenties and was a full professor by the age of thirty-seven, having risen "as high up in the academic ranks of a lesser medical school as I had ambition to reach". When he arrives in the border town of El Paso his marriage is already on the rocks. Soon he moves out of the family home and buries himself in work, seeing only his two young sons at the weekends. The apartment he rents is left minimally furnished and there is much poetical description of the bare El Paso landscape and the brooding Franklin Mountains (the book is not without purple passages).

Tennis becomes Verghese's lifeline, a way of "imposing order on a world that was fickle and capricious". This tennis is of a specific sort. The two friends almost never play sets (it was the competitive element that drove Smith from the game); they rally, refining their strokes, patiently moving from one drill to another. "Each time we played this feeling of restoring order or mastery was awakened. It would linger for a few days but then wane. The urge to meet and play would build again."

Though Verghese calls his twice weekly tennis sessions "healing", they are also trance-like, and deceiving. Smith plays with a grace and confidence Verghese wrongly projects onto his life off the court. Their easy rhythms in practice

suggest a deep affinity, but differences of status and seniority, which Verghese underestimates, remain. When Smith relapses, much of what he says begins to strike Verghese as duplicitous, evasive, calling their earlier intimacy (likened at several points to that of lovers) into question. Smith, Verghese discovers, feels "stuck" in internal medicine. Verghese's field, not he, is immune to the prejudices of American medical students against this field, a product in part of the numbers of foreign graduates it accepts. Verghese had mistakenly assumed that his friend, "a foreigner as well", was beyond such prejudices.

By the end of the memoir, Smith is transmogrified, graceless. When Verghese last confronts him, his face is "fixed in a scowl, the pupils so wide that they appeared unfocused, the ears splayed back, the head retracted into the muscles of the shoulder and neck, which were tensed like a rottweiler". The words with which he warns Verghese off are emitted "in a low growl, an octave below David's voice".

How he got this way remains a mystery. "David just fucking loved cocaine," pronounces one of his therapists. "He killed himself because he had blown it as far as being a physician, had no more stomach for rehab, and didn't want to do anything else with his life." Unlike Verghese, whose isolation was contingent and comparatively superficial, Smith could never reach past the self. "Drugs were a way to at once further the isolation and yet ease its pain." Verghese can describe this pain, for Smith as well as those who loved him, but not its causes. His affecting memoir reaffirms the banal maxim that tennis is not life.

The Loafer



Explorers in Africa... an illustration from Richard Burton's *The Lake Regions of Central Africa*

Explorer, diplomat, fornicator, pornographer... and the love of Isabel Burton's life.
Jad Adams on a biography that honours both sides of the relationship

Going for a Burton

A Rage to Live: A Biography of Richard and Isabel Burton
by Mary S Lovell
910pp, Little, Brown, £25

It is a book written with the title "Disreputable Victorians", the chief of them would be this fabulous beast of a man — Dirty Dick, Rufian Dick, Sir Richard Burton: explorer, linguist, diplomat, pornographer. He was the bad boy's bad boy, a hard drinking, hard fighting fornicator who was also one of the most remarkable scholars of the 19th century. "Plus mother loathed Burton's name, and even men of the world mentioned it apologetically," according to a fellow member of the Royal Geographical Society, so a book which offers the story not just of adventurous Richard, but of his wife Isabel is a treat indeed. Burton started to attract his formidable reputation when he was an officer in the Indian army where his Indian friends and mistresses earned him the sobriquet "white nigger" among brother officers and a reputation for immorality such that when he buried his beloved gamecock in his garden, word went round it was a baby's grave.

Already a considerable linguist, in the Bombay Infantry he added Hindustani, Gujarati, Marathi, Persian, Sindhi and Punjabi to the tongues he had already mastered — he was eventually fluent in 29 languages. He even installed forty monkeys in his house and

attempted to compile a vocabulary of "monkey language". His spying missions where he went disguised as a native developed into personal explorations, including his famous trip to Mecca as a bogus pilgrim for which, in an extreme act of subterfuge, he had himself circumcised. Yet Burton's daring and scholarship did not make him popular. As a contemporary wrote, he was not feared for what he did, "but for what he was believed capable of doing, and also for the reserve of power and that unspoken sense of superiority which the dull and vainest could scarcely fail to feel in his presence".

One of the many conundrums of his life is how this huncuenering, wild man could end up with the stammering religious Isabel Burton. Mary Lovell's position is that there is no conundrum: Isabel Burton has been traduced by earlier biographers and in fact was a huncuenering, adventuring spirit herself. She was a passionate woman who declared on first seeing Burton, "That man will marry me" and who learned fencing in order to be better able to protect him when danger struck. She too yearned to be released from "respectability" — the harness of European society. When she joined him in taking up a consular position in Damascus she enthused, "I shall have tents, horses, weapons, and be free...".

It was love at first sight, or it was for her, anyway. When Burton eventually proposed, and asked if she wanted some time to think it over, she replied, "I do not want to think it over. I have been thinking

it over for six years, ever since I first saw you at Boulogne. I have prayed for you every morning and night. I have followed your career minutely, I have read every word you ever wrote, and I would rather have a crust and a tent with you than be queen of all the world."

So he took that as a "yes". Her mother was less easy to please, and told Isabel she would give consent for her to marry any man on earth rather than Richard Burton.

The long wait for this love to be consummated provides half the narrative interest of the book. The other is the way in which Burton was cheated out of full recognition for his part in the discovery of the source of the Nile. Burton was stimulated to seek the source by a line from Ptolemy's *Geographica* — "the lakes whence the Nile flows".

To find those lakes struck him as a way of making his name forever. He took John Hanning Speke along with him, a poor choice of companion as Speke had few appropriate abilities, his main interest in Africa being to see how many exotic animals he could shoot. Unbeknown to his companion in the extreme hardships of the journey, this big-game hunter had also got Richard Burton in his sights.

Speke left Burton, who was too sick to travel, at a base camp in the lake region to lead a party north to investigate the lakes, returning to declare (with utterly insufficient evidence) that he had found the source of the Nile. When they were both back at the East African coast, Speke took off to Britain, promising he would

not go to the Royal Geographical Society until Burton had joined him. Of course, that is exactly what he did, using his head start to garner the laurels for the discovery to himself alone.

Speke was one of those characters — common enough because they always push to the front — who promote themselves by denigrating the reputation of others. In attacking Burton he had more than enough supporters, for Burton had a gift for making enemies and even those who supported him scientifically, like David Livingstone, found him a "blackguard". Burton's friends were other Disreputable Victorians like flagellant poet Algernon Swinburne, porcupine MP Moseley Milnes and later on the decadent publisher (or publisher of decadent writers) Leonard Smithers. They had some wild parties, but that wasn't quite what Burton's career needed.

Burton's life receded into a series of minor diplomatic posts enlivened by his own inimitable style: in the role of Her Majesty's Consul he presented the delighted King of Dahomey with pictures of nude white women. His reputation, both as a scholar and an outsider, was sealed with his translation of the *Arabian Nights*, the *Kama Sutra* and a version of *The Perfumed Garden*, which he translated from the French. Burton's discourses on the size of natives' penises and the various odours of pudenda met with less than universal approval.

Burton deserves this big book with its evidence of the hard work of real scholarship — Lovell's

years spent deciphering and transcribing Burton's almost illegible hand and correcting the mistakes of earlier biographers. She comprehends, for example, that the silly, feminine diary which has previously been identified as Burton's own was in fact a spoof journal written by him as a satire on women travellers.

Lovell does not, however, fully understand the Burtons and pornography. She likes Burton, and wants to make him less of a hully, as she wants to make Isabel less of a prude, so she tries to reconcile the unresolvable: Burton's writing of pornography with Isabel's burning it.

It was part of his domineering personality that Burton used his sexual explicitness to frighten others. His superiority in this exciting shock and disgust gave him real pleasure. Isabel saw this as part of the self-destructive behaviour which she tried to curb in her husband. She saw only the damage which erotic work might do to his reputation, and recognised no value in his painstaking translation from rare Arabic manuscripts of *The Scented Garden* (so called to differentiate it from the earlier translation of the French). She therefore burned all manuscript copies of this and other erotic work shortly after his death. Lovell demonstrates that Isabel burned less of Burton's work than had previously been thought, but this is no defence for her actions. In the end, she betrayed the man she loved, making this book a tragedy as well as an adventure and love story.

John Redmond on Seamus Heaney, scribe, seer and teacher

A lesson in verse

Opened Ground: Poems 1966-1996
by Seamus Heaney
478pp, Faber, £20hbk, £12.99 pbk

Described by its author as about halfway between a Collected and a Selected Poems, Seamus Heaney's new book concludes in a slightly unusual way with a lecture, "Crediting Poetry", which he delivered on receiving the Nobel Prize in 1995. Heaney justifies its inclusion by pointing out that "the ground covered in the lecture is ground originally opened by the poems which here precede it".

The lecture also appropriately draws attention to the time Heaney has spent — at school, at university, and through his critical works — as an educator. What has been true of his life outside his poetry, is also true, to a large degree, of the poetry. Like one of his most significant influences, Robert Frost, Heaney conceives of poetry as a work of knowing.

Craft teachers — thatchers, blacksmiths — men who kept specialised knowledge on behalf of their community, fill Heaney's first two collections. Another exemplary figure he invoked was the diviner, whose role he quietly paralleled with that of the poet: "The rod jerked with precise convulsions, / Spring water suddenly broadcasting / Through a green haze its secret stations".

Drawing knowledge out of the earth — this was the central animating metaphor for Heaney's poetry until well into his middle period. As *Opened Ground* demonstrates, his early voice, which articulated this metaphor with a naive openness, gave way to a more sophisticated placing of the narrator to one side of the poem, so that the reader could be kept off balance.

Heaney's many gifts, which he fully deployed around this time included unusually close powers of observation, a wide and brilliantly manipulated vocabulary, a slow, robust sense of rhythm and a remarkable psychological acuity. He had, too, an abiding fascination with utensils. Apart from many other things, this book comprises an enormous inventory of tools — trowels, forks, hushes, irons, lathes; objects sensed, imagined and filtered through their multiple possible uses, sometimes including their potential as weapons.

Most of these instruments require manipulation by hand. Heaney's ability to evoke the texture of things (he is very much the doubter who must put his hand in the wound) is linked to his sense of touch. Coldness, wetness, weight are often key ingredients of his descriptions. When Heaney grasps a pitchfork or a telephone, it allows him to identify with those others

who have wielded it. Characteristically, happiness is pictured as a customary task with customary tools which is performed at an almost unconscious level — something like the trance-like state from which he has described his best poetry as being gleaned.

Heaney's recent poetry, in *Seeing Things* and *The Spirit Level*, has seemed to fall victim to his own enlightenment. Having broadened his sensibility to include not only Irish but European history, not only Irish but Classical mythology, the ladders of self-education have fallen away and the poetry has lacked a sense of purpose. Upright, dignified and ethical, his work has filled up with good advice, mainly aimed at himself, so that he now seems to be producing model cultural documents rather than great poems.

Celebrity has also taken its toll. A poem from *The Spirit Level*, describing his encounter with an IRA man in 1979, opens with the phrase "The following for the record" — as if he were in the middle of an interview, an indication



Seamus Heaney... educator

as to how the incidentals of fame have become part of the work. Although the media greatly admire Heaney, he is clearly not at home in a media culture which is fractions where he would be placatory, secondhand where he would be original, and spectacular where he would be visionary.

While his recent collections have probably been over-represented in this book, it nevertheless contains nearly all the major poems from his great period through *Wintering Out*, *North*, *Field Work* and *Station Island*, the poems which easily established him among the first dozen poets in English this century. For those who don't want to buy the individual collections, *Opened Ground* provides a clear contour profile of Heaney's career, from its hinterland beginnings, through the summits of the seventies and eighties, and back down to the more modest heights of recent years.

If you would like to order a discount paperback copy of *Opened Ground* at £9.99 (+ 99p postage) call the Guardian Culture Shop on 0200 800102.

Harriet Stewart looks back at a childhood lost and magically recovered

A boy's missing years

Out of It: The story of a boy who went to bed with a headache and woke up three years later
by Simon Hattenstone
250pp, Secker, £12.99

Sickness stories can be compelling. *Out of It*, Simon Hattenstone's autobiographical account of childhood illness, is interesting partly because it describes the symptoms of a rare condition, but mostly because it re-creates the child who experienced it.

At the age of nine, he fell ill with a sore throat and a temperature. He became lethargic and stopped eating. Antibiotics did not help. After a while he developed a constant headache and nausea. In spite of his symptoms, he was labelled a malingerer and sent to see a psychiatrist. His mother was suspected of being a "neurotic", who had projected an illness onto her son. As a result of his illness, or of the antidepressant he was taking, he developed urinary retention and had to stand for hours trying to empty his bladder. His illness got worse until he regressed to eating mashed banana from a baby's cup and playing with baby's toys. After a



Simon Hattenstone... revenge was sweet

long delay, when everyone except his mother had written him off as a troublemaker, a neurosurgeon diagnosed viral encephalitis. Although his illness had been recognized, recovery was slow. The acceptance by others that he was ill and not a "bleddy malingerer" in the words of his father's best friend, prompts the sweet revenge:

"Ecstasy is a streptococcal infection, not just any old streptococcal infection, but a malignant, nastier-than-thou infection, a killer infection, an infection to die for. I couldn't believe my luck. I was in seventh and eighth and ninth heaven, really truly madly fucking ill, and no Barry, and no Reg and no mealy-mouthed bastard relative could deny it."

The boy Simon is utterly plausible, becoming his own Seventies creation — a five-stone ten-year-old in platform shoes, flares and a wig. He seeks refuge from illness by making himself magnificently knowledgeable about progressive rock. Poring over NME and Melody Maker, he casts aside the passions of his early childhood, Slade and Sweet, for the more sophisticated delights of Pink Floyd's *Dark Side of the Moon*. The whole book is peppered with references that anyone who was a child in the Seventies will instantly recognize. If you ever wore so much as a tartan watch-strap in the playground, this book will bring back waves of nostalgia for a certain Scottish band, whose trousers have yet to see a fashion renaissance.

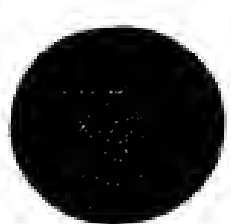
As he recovers, Simon is sent to a "special school" to ease himself back into normal childhood. The

school consists of a mixture of children with learning disabilities and older children on probation for various crimes, or with behavioural problems. It seems like giving rollerskates to someone with a broken leg and telling them to get on with it. Simon is called a "mong" and a "spastic" and has his head flushed down a toilet full of diarrhoea, but somehow manages to adapt and finds himself crying when he leaves.

At the end of the book, there is an epilogue by Hattenstone's mother. She gives a beautifully clear description of the onset of his illness and its symptoms, which complements the more rumorous first-person narrative of her son. Hattenstone successfully reimagines what it is like to be a child, angry and impotent in the face of disbelief, but also resourceful and curious. The boy Simon has an overwhelming sense of injustice and an understandably low opinion of doctors. As his mother concludes: "Those who helped our son, not necessarily with cleverness, but with kindness and humility, we'll never forget. Ordinary people who recognised suffering whether it had a name or not."

Harriet Stewart is a Senior House Officer in Psychiatry at a London hospital.

KNOWING
HOW TO KNOW



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BETRAYAL



"Teeming with sycophants and thick with double dealing"

Guardian

arts



GEORGE GERSHWIN AT THE PIANO. (REUTERS)

One hundred years ago a boy was born to a poor Jewish family. He bunked off school, stole bagels — and then George Gershwin went and wrote the soundtrack of the century. By **John Fordham**

The matzoh ball Mozart

The show seemed to have gone on for half a lifetime. People were yawning, looking at watches, even chancing the Manhattan snowstorm and leaving. A programme of jazz, rag and pop classics had been put together without regard for symmetry or stamina. An Experiment In Modern Music could have been sold out ten times over. But as the hours passed, the packed house of flappers, gossip writers, opera stars, New York glitterati and Tin Pan Alley chancers — a crowd in which the showbiz hacks had even

identified Sergey Rachmaninoff — looked like the exasperated victims of a sting. Paul Whiteman, the conductor, was close to tears.

A young man with aquiline features took the stage for the 25th item. Ross Gorman, Whiteman's clarinetist, began a soft, shimmering trill that suddenly erupted into a wailing run of high, whooping notes that sounded like wheeling seabirds. The audience forgot its ennui. Roaring orchestral themes clamoured like the New York traffic, or fell away to melancholy bar-room whispers. It was February 12, 1924, at Manhattan's Aeolian Hall.

The occasion was the premiere of *Rhapsody In Blue*.

Emotions had been stretched in many more ways than the audience's patience. George Gershwin, who played piano, admitted later that he had been lost in tears, barely aware of what he was doing for stretches of his own solo, and the same had gone for Paul Whiteman.

The tension wasn't surprising. The concert had been sold like the Second Coming, but its centrepiece had been composed from start to finish by Gershwin in the month before the show, hoots of railroad impressionism scribbled on train

rides, cut-and-paste operations on his voluminous scrapbook of musical ideas, fragments concocted while jamming at the piano at parties, and prefaced by a reshuffle of the jazz-meets-klezmer clarinet. "I heard it as a sort of musical kaleidoscope of America," Gershwin said later. "Of our vast melting pot, of our incomparable national pep, our blues, our metropolitan madness."

Rhapsody was the zenith of the "Jazz Age", whose fuse had been lit by Whiteman. A former classical violinist, Whiteman was a sharp businessman, but his urbanity concealed a missionary zeal — to bring together European music and the hot, improvisatory urgency of jazz. In 1922 he met Gershwin, by now working on a long-running Broadway revue, *George White's Scandals*, fronted by WC Fields, and found a sympathetic listener for his dreams of a symphonic music that could be embraced by both high society and the street.

Gershwin idly told Whiteman that one day he'd try writing an extended jazz-flavoured work for a big orchestra — and then he forgot about it. But Whiteman had got big by remembering things like that. He had heard some Gershwin songs performed by the soprano Eva Gauthier on a bill including Bartok and Purcell. So he booked the Aeolian Hall, wrote the high-flying guest list, and announced the premiere of a Gershwin jazz concerto. The only thing he didn't do was tell Gershwin, who learned about it from the New York Tribune. That was mid-January. The concert was on February 12. The gauntlet had been thrown down, and Gershwin — a street tough from the Lower East Side — was never one to run away.

The year after *Rhapsody* had bridged the chasm between America's undervalued folk forms and its respectfully imported ones, Gershwin said. "True music must repeat the thought and aspirations of the people and the time. My people are Americans. My time is today."

George Gershwin's centenary celebrations have been going on all over the world this year, though the much-delayed and much-rewritten Martin Scorsese movie, *Mine*, still waits in the wings. Gershwin's works have now entered the classical repertoire and songs like *Summertime* and *It Ain't Necessarily So* have crossed countless genres.

There was nothing in his background to suggest such greatness. He was born Jacob Gershowitz on September 26, 1898, the second of four children born to Russian Jewish emigré Morris Gershowitz and Rose Bruskin.

Morris arrived in New York with nothing beyond the address of an uncle that — the story goes — he kept in his hat. The hat blew into the water as he ran to the ship's rail

to marvel at the Statue of Liberty.

Lost and broke, Morris Gershowitz won his first American meal in a card game and slept his first night in an alley before he found the uncle, a string of jobs, and eventually love and family life with Rose Bruskin. Gershowitz became Gershwin, which Morris and his eldest son Ira preferred. George chose a tearaway who played his teachers. But there was a route to the soul of the toughest kid in the neighbourhood, though it took a while for the nickel to drop.

George Gershwin dropped that nickel himself, when he was six — into a mechanical piano in a street arcade. To his astonishment he heard Russian virtuoso Anton Rubinstein playing his composition *Melody in F*, the most entrancing sound, he was later to recall, he had ever encountered in his young life.

Three years passed before the same thing happened again, and in bunting out of school George Gershwin nearly missed it. But he was still within earshot when seven-year-old Maxie Rosenzweig, the son of the local barber, began to play Dvorak's *Harmonique* on the violin, and this time Gershwin knew it wasn't an experience he could return to the back burner.

Gershwin waited for Rosenzweig after school in the rain, but the violinist had left by another exit and didn't show. He went to Maxie's house but he wasn't there. The Rosenzweigs however, could see the worst kid on the block was serious.

In 1910 Ira Gershwin was given a piano by his parents, but it was George who was able to find the hit tunes of the day on it. He was quickly given lessons, hated exercises but learned pieces way above his age with enthusiastic inaccuracy, and was crucially taught by a man who knew he was a natural — Charles Hambitzer, grandson of Tzar Nicholas's court violinist.

As he studied, Gershwin began, tentatively, to compose. Only the world got in his way. Along with a

little inventive panhandling and shoplifting for bagels on the Lower East Side streets, the teenage Gershwin worked in his father's restaurants (which he hated), and (much more to his taste) played piano at a mountain resort in the summer vacations.

Morris was so keen that his son should graduate from the kitchen to the bookkeeping that he enrolled him at a school of commerce, but at 15, Gershwin dropped out. As it happened, Morris went bankrupt, but by then George had met Moses Gumble, who worked for the Jerome H Remick music publishing company. Gumble paid him more than three times what he was earning in the family business to work as a song pluggier. Scores of them sat in cubicles with pianos in the crowded brownstones that occupied Tin Pan Alley — 28th Street, off 5th Avenue.

ong pluggiers were salesmen. They were there to convince cynical bandleaders that they couldn't live without the publisher's latest sheet music in their act. George Gershwin became not only the youngest song pluggier on The Alley, but also the best. By 1917, when he was 19, Gershwin's fledgling compositions were good enough to get him employment as a salaried composer to the Harms music publishing house. That year he wrote a piece of minstrel-show nostalgia for lost homelands on a bus-ride along Riverside Drive, finishing it at home with the encouragement of the poker players in his apartment. Some have said Swanee could have referred to a village in Russia as easily as the Deep South, a jazz-Jewish confession with a lullaby beneath. Two years later it was picked up by Al Jolson, sold two million copies in its first year, and made the unknown young composer rich overnight.

Gershwin followed it with a frothy full-length musical called *La*

La Lucille, and for the next five years wrote the music for the *George White Scandals* revue show. In 1922 he offered the show a mawkish one-act opera called *Blue Monday* which ran for just one night. Brother Ira's lyrics, later to be a cornerstone of the Gershwin story, also appeared in another long Gershwin feature for White, called *Stairway To Paradise*.

Then came *Rhapsody In Blue*, and the embrace of the arts establishment, first in New York and then around the world. The speed with which the piece had been produced, and Gershwin's relative inexperience, had clearly imparted both fire and instability to it — and some disliked, and still dislike, its episodes of brashness. But it sealed Gershwin's reputation as a composer of depth, imagination and a thrilling new vocabulary.

With Ira now regularly providing lyrics to frequently daft plots intended mainly as star vehicles, George wrote successful musicals for the *Astaires*, *WC Fields*, *Fanny Durante*, *Fannie Brice* and *Bob Hope*. But in 1930 *Girl Crazy*, with Ethel Merman delivering *I Got Rhythm*, confirmed how classy the idiom could really get. The same year Gershwin went to Hollywood.

Through the thirties, impelled by his own expanding horizons and the troubled world around him, he moved toward deeper, more ambiguous and richly textured music — with Ira — toward a sharper satirical edge. After several attempts at full-length opera, Gershwin finished *Porgy And Bess* in 1935, and though it initially played to mixed reviews, it became one of the most respected and enduring of his works.

George Gershwin continued to work at full stretch into 1937, but his concentration began to be affected by blinding headaches and dizziness. He had been used to burning the candle at both ends, to partying and sexual adventure, but his stamina was failing him.

Early in that year, the doctors found nothing to account for his symptoms, but he went into a coma on July 9, and exploratory surgery discovered a brain tumour. Gershwin's reputation was by now so high that the White House summoned the Navy to bring a brain surgeon from vacation to tend to him. The composer died before he got there, on July 11, two months from his 39th birthday.

"His was a new American music," said Ira, after his brother's death. "His was a modernity that reflected the world we live in as excitingly as the headline in today's newspaper."

On hearing of his death, the novelist John O'Hara, in a line that might have come from a Gershwin musical, simply said: "I don't have to believe it if I don't want to."

The Guardian INTERVIEWS

AT THE NATIONAL FILM THEATRE



Kris Kristofferson

Monday September 28, 6.30pm NFT1

With a movie career stretching back over 25 years and including films like *A Star Is Born* and *Convoy*, singer/actor Kris Kristofferson remains as familiar to audiences now as he was when those classics hit the screen. In *A Soldier's Daughter Never Cries* — the latest film from Merchant Ivory — Kris Kristofferson stars in a story based on the real life of writer James Jones. The film, scripted by Ruth Praver Jhabvala and James Ivory, is a touching and delightful story of an American family living in Paris during the sixties and seventies. Following the preview screening, Kris Kristofferson will discuss the film and his career.

The Guardian has 50 pairs of tickets to the interview and screening at the special rate of £12 (£8.50 concs.) for the first readers to call the NFT box office on 0171 928 3232 and quote 'The Guardian Offer'

National Film Theatre

The greats on Gershwin

Leonard Bernstein:

"I don't think there has been such an inspired melodist on this earth since Tchaikovsky... but if you want to speak of a composer, that's another matter."

Stephen

Sondheim: "I don't like opera. Except Debussy's *Pelléas et Mélisande*. And all of Puccini. And Gershwin's *Porgy And Bess*."

Arnold Schoenberg:

"His melodies are not products of a combination or of a mechanical union. They are not even welded together, they are cast."

Paul Simon:

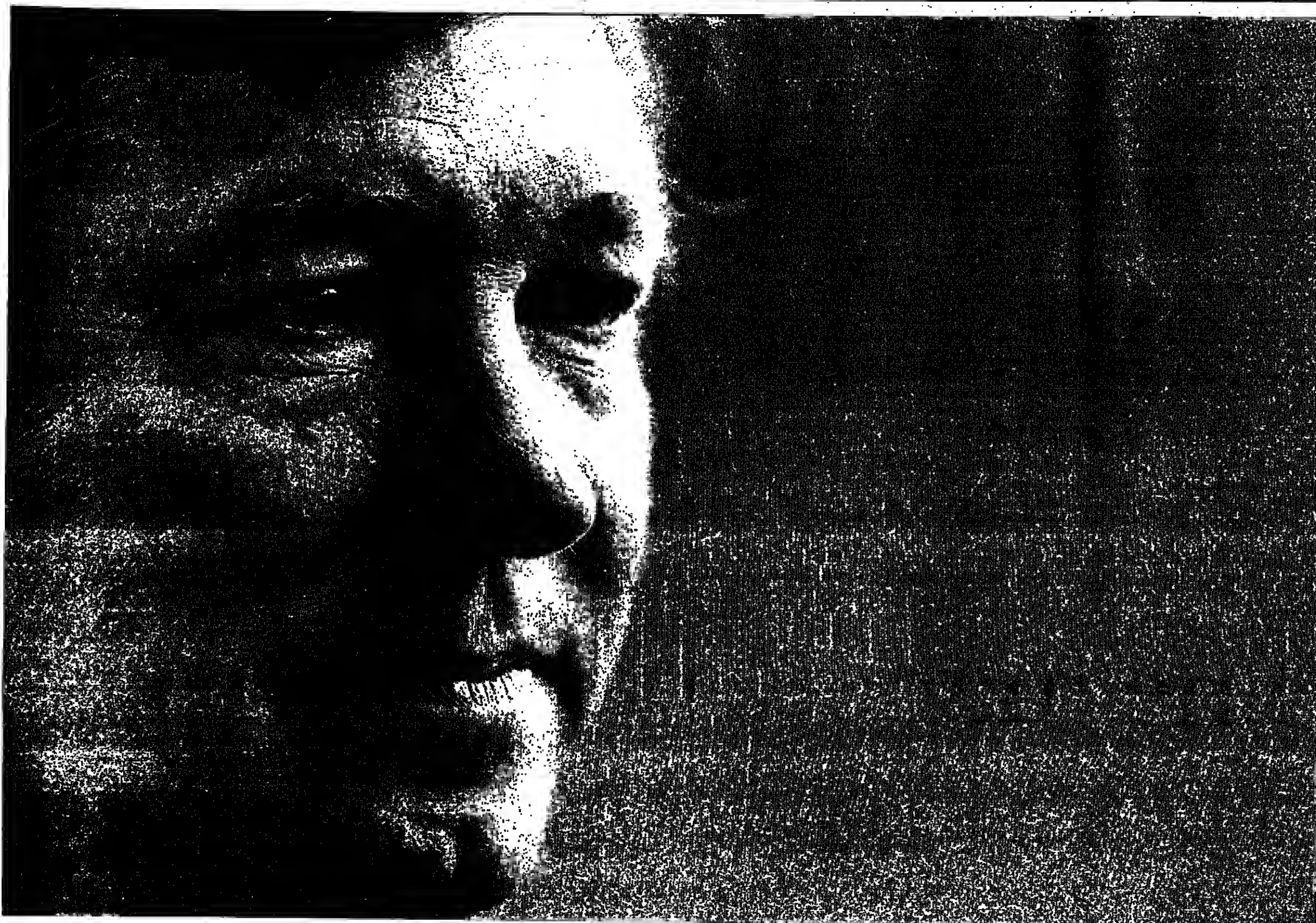
"His genius, like all genius, was unique, but his all-embracing artistic vision still resonates powerfully today in a world where music is sometimes the only benign avenue of communication between antagonists."

سكنا من الامل

TheGuardian weekendsport

Saturday September 19 1998 www.football.guardian.co.uk

Old Trafford's colossus confronts times of Sky-high expectations



The populist Ferguson... 'at Manchester United you become one of them, you think like a supporter, suffer like a supporter'

PHOTOGRAPH: BEN RADFORD

Ferguson holds the loyalty card as stakes keep rising

As Manchester United meet the champions tomorrow Roy Collins assesses their manager's enduring qualities

ASKELETON im-
plausibly clad in
bright red pyjamas
this week tumbled
just as implausibly
out of Alex Ferguson's cup-
board, which most people had
always assumed contained
only nutballs and several
immaculately tailored
blazers.

A television documentary
revealed how Ferguson, in a
pre-enactment of the behav-
iour of some of his future
Manchester United players,
once turned up drunk in a
hotel bar, wearing those red
pyjamas, shouting and bawling
at all around him. The in-
cident occurred on a pre-sea-
son tour in 1969 after
Ferguson, then a Rangers
player, had phoned home to be
told by his wife Cath that
the club had issued a state-
ment saying he would never
play for them again.

The image will have sat in-
credulously with Old Trafford
fans, not to mention former
United players such as Nor-
man Whiteside and Paul
McGrath who were sold be-
cause of their fondness for a
drink. To them Ferguson was
born a middle-aged marinet
in a padded Umbro top zipped
up to the neck, prowling life's
touchlines railing at those un-
able to meet his standards in
anything from sobriety to
timekeeping.

But what provoked Fergu-
son to that Gaza-style con-
frontation with the boys was
not so much self-pity that the
club of his boyhood dream-
ed him but the manner in
which they had gone about it.

To him, Rangers were guilty
of the most unpardonable
crime: disloyalty.

Any number of friends,
whether they first encoun-
tered Ferguson inside the
school gates or on his arrival
in Manchester, will testify to



'I thought I was
a good player
and scored
goals. But I
never won the
things I wanted
to win and that
shaped me'

his loyalty. Hugh Mollvan-
ney, who is writing the man's
autobiography and is so deco-
rated himself that the term
ghost writer does not ap-
proach adequacy, says: 'One
of the most impressive things
about Alex is the way he
keeps friends, some of them
from primary school days.'

Many of those friends are
also from outside football,
which can help broaden the
Ferguson perspective at times
of crisis when most football
men cannot see beyond the
white lines. It was one of
these friends, Richard Green-
bury, who helped him make
his decision after the Eric
Cantona kung-fu incident
three years ago.

He told Ferguson: 'Remem-
ber what I told you about
John McEneaney. On the court
he was an absolute beast but
outside the court he was a
really charming man.' Fergie
reflected on the advice and
admitted: 'When I came to
think of it, Cantona had never
been any bother off the
pitch.'

Ferguson has sometimes
defended his players to the
point of self-ridicule, once de-
scribing Roy Keane as 'the
most victimised player in the
game'. But Gleon Hoddie
would benefit from practising
Ferguson's belief that play-
ers, like friends and relations,
should only hear home truths
at home.

He is not one who believes
in extending friendship be-
yond the dressing-room door.
He says: 'I believe that an ap-
proach of you're the players,
I'm the manager works best.

They don't have to say, 'Boss,
would you and your wife like
to come for dinner?' I've
known that and there's nothing
wrong with it, but I think
it makes for a far better
relationship if we have our
own social lives.'

He does sometimes join in
the players' card school,
though they may think twice
about asking him again after
hearing the claims of Fergu-
son's brother Martin, who
says: 'He used to cheat all the
time, though he would tell
you different. He once had
five pontoons in a row and
told me he wasnae cheating.'

Ferguson would probably
insist he was just giving him-
self an edge, which all good
managers attempt to do. 'Get
it flooded' was his instruc-
tion to a disbelieving
groundsmen before the
second leg of United's Euro-
pean Cup quarter-final
against Monaco at Old Tra-
fford last season. He believed
that the stamina of the Mo-
naco players, who play on a
rock-hard pitch at home,
would be tested by softer
conditions.

But if Monaco were unable
to walk on water, nor on that
occasion were United, manag-
ing only a 1-1 draw which
meant their elimination on
the away goal.

Men who remain as loyal to
their friends as Ferguson
tend to be as faithful to their
roots. Thus Ferguson, who on
a reported £800,000 a year has
become wealthy enough to in-
dulge in the sport of kings,
remembered his own, and his
father's, days in the Glasgow

shipyards when he bought his
first racehorse. He named it
Queensland Star, after a ship
which his father helped to
build.

Ferguson says: 'I've often
thought about the periods in
my life that changed me and
the drive has to be shaped in
your youth. When we were
brought up, you had to get to
work on time and work hard
or you didn't have a job.'

'I wasn't a particularly suc-
cessful footballer, though I
thought I was a good player in
a team and scored goals. But I
never wroo the things I
wanted to win and that
shaped me. You get an oppor-
tunity to put that right as a
manager, and Scotsmeo who
leave the country have a great
sense of pride of who they are
and want to do well. There is
a sense of duty to do well for
your country and yourself.'

The story of Fergie in his
red pyjamas may indicate
that history is about to repeat
itself. Rangers had only just
been taken over by David
White, who did not get on
with Ferguson. Now United
are in the process of being
bought by Sky television and
those who put two and
£223 million together may
come up with the equation:
United + Murdoch = United -
Ferguson.

There have been fanciful
rumours this week as United
prepared for Barcelona on
Wednesday and Arsenal
tomorrow that Ferguson
might leave for Juventus,
where his pursuit of the Euro-
pean Cup would be diluted
from Holy Grail to a routine

target. And if there was a
smidgen of truth in reports
that Murdoch's men have
been trying to sign a Japa-
nese player behind his back,
there would already be a trail
of skid marks leading from
his former parking bay at The
Cliff training ground.

Those closest to Ferguson
believe it would take some
unprecedentedly appalling
treatment to drive him from a
job with which he has become
synonymous, an honour that
seemed unlikely to be be-
stowed on any manager after
the late Sir Matt Busby.

Ferguson, you see, had be-
come hopelessly attached to
United long before the mirror
on the wall had begun to flat-
ter him.

Back in 1969, not yet three
years into the job and looking
as though he might be facing
the sack, he told a friend:
'Every time someone looks at
me, I feel I have betrayed that
man.'

'But that's only because
you care, care about the
people who support you. At
Manchester United you be-
come one of them, you think
like a supporter, suffer like a
supporter.'

Like every other supporter,
he has suffered most in
Europe where, he says: 'You
are looking for what is going
to trip you up, you are look-
ing for the demons.'

Ferguson will continue to
seek to destroy them on the
field of play, despite the
voices which whisper that he
should be looking for demons
among the putative new suits
in the boardroom.

1997-98 Premiership campaigns

	Manchester United	Liverpool
Goals	66	72
Goals per game	1.79	1.92
Attempts on target	30%	37%
Ratio of goals to attempts	18%	16%
Goals conceded	33	28
Goals conceded per game	0.67	0.62
Total passes	14,359	17,239
Success rate	77%	81%
Total crosses	616	314
Success rate	36%	31%
Tackles attempted	1411	1144
Success rate	69%	63%
Fouls	543	464
Yellow cards	70	62
Red cards	3	1

online

Every Thursday in the
TheGuardian

Veteran Seaman in battle to save career

Seaman . . . 35 today

Peter White

Shilton, whose determination to stay No. 1 was never in doubt, says: "A goalkeeper isn't going to get any better at his job if he is determined to stay No. 1. It is his duty and his determination to stay there is no reason why he shouldn't stay at a very high level."

"Goalkeepers can have bad patches, however old they are. This isn't an age thing, it's just a loss of form that can happen at any time. And it is more a matter of luck, rather than physical things about how well someone can bounce back."

Seaman is at his best under fire, as shown by his outstanding form in the season which followed Nayim's goal from the halfway line in the 1955 European Cup Winners' Cup final. And he will show away his numbers like the 35 candles on his cake, the rumbling volcano lull is liable to become an eruption.

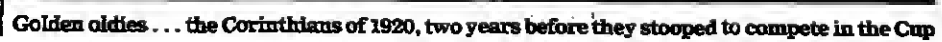
Carry on playing ... Brian Wakefield, left, and David Harrison, Casuals' secretary and chairman, take on Old Mutual, of Cape Town, this week. MARTIN ARGLES

From Ramsbottom

The growing starts early. The club has 12 sides from under-10s to under-16s. Six of last year's youth team now play in the First XI. Waller is a qualified coach of the renowned Dutch Coerver method and one of a number of ageing semi-professionals who, in decline, have recognised a club where they can go on, as the secretary Brian Wakefield puts it, "playing with like-minded people".



Golden oldies . . . the Corinthia



Jeremy Alexander

Ramsbottom United,
starting point of the Guardian's road to Wembley.

the home had gone. "I remember playing in front of 34,000 at the Goldstone," he said. "It's not until you come back and have to get in your car and drive to Gillingham that you realise the problems."

"It's been a lot harder than

“We got into the top half of the table and all of a sudden people were satisfied with that,” Horton said. “They see

First Division leaders. Wolves welcome back Steve Bull but Huddersfield have doubts over Ben Thornley and Grant Johnson (bolb groin injuries). Second-placed Birmingham are all home to Grimsby.

Crystal Palace are likely to give a league debut to the China captain Fan Zhiye at Barnsley. His compatriot and fellow defender Sun Jihai is

LOOK, there is just no truth in the rumour that ICI wants to buy Spurs so it can provide the team with

The revamped 6,000-seat ground should host its first game early in the new year and its last within 30 months.

If all goes to plan, Brighthelm will be playing in a purpose-built stadium by August 2001. "If we hadn't got back to Brighton the club might have folded," said their manager Brian Horton. "What the fans did on a Saturday is incredible but whether they could have kept that going if there was no hope of coming back I don't know."

Horton raised a few smiles himself when he replaced Steve Gritt in February. Few other managers would have described Brighton, who were

fighting relegation to the Conference for the second successive season with no ground, no money and an uncertain future, as their "dream job".

But Horton, who captained the club to the old First Division in the Seventies, felt he had come home. Except that the home had gone. "I remember playing in front of 34,000 at the Goldstone," he said. "It's not until you come back and have to get in your car and drive to Gillingham that you realise the problems.

"It's been a lot harder than

I expected. I had 14 fit players for my first game and five or six of those were simply not good enough. I took in a couple of free transfers and then over the summer I blitzed it."

The changes have paid dividends. Three straight wins lifted the club to 10th earlier this month, but the difficulty has been maintaining the momentum amid shrunken expectations.

"We got into the top half of the table and all of a sudden people were satisfied with that," Horton said. "They see

we're not in the bottom two or three and think it's okay. It's not. With our potential we should be one of the favourites."

Wolves have been saying as much to little effect for years. Today they visit Hutton's previous club Huddersfield, the First Division leaders. Wolves welcome back Steve Bull but Huddersfield have doubts over Ben Thornley and Grant Johnson (both groin injuries). Second-placed Birmingham are at home to Grimsby.

Queens Park Rangers

restore Vinnie Jones after suspension as they seek their first league victory since March at home to Stockport County. QPR's manager Ray Harford offered to step down after Wednesday's Worthington Cup defeat by Charlton and may have his offer accepted if his team fail again.

Crystal Palace are likely to give a league debut to the China captain Fan Zhiye at Barnsley. His compatriot and fellow defender Sun Jihai is

LOOK, there is just no truth in the rumour that ICI wants to buy Spurs so it can provide the team with the right chemistry.

Racing

Fahey can strike gold with Purple

Tony Paley

EASTERN PURPLE, described as a Group horse in the making by his trainer, after his third in the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood last month, can claim a major sprint prize with victory in today's Ayr Gold Cup.

These big sprint handicaps with up to 30 runners are often described as a bookies' benefit, but taking the track bias, the likely effect of the draw and the prevailing going into account they can often be whittled down to a manageable short list.

In recent years it has paid to be drawn near to either rail in the Gold Cup and with the majority of the fancied runners drawn on the stands' side and the early pace likely to be set by those drawn middle to high the winner

may well come from those in stalls 20 to 29.

The selection has proven form on today's soft surface and after his third at Goodwood looked somewhat unlikely when fifth at York in a Listed contest and then had too much use made of him when a very creditable seventh in the Group One Stanley Leisure Sprint Cup at Haydock.

Richard Fahey also runs the Stewards' Cup winner Silver Patriarch who has an entry in the Group Two Diamond Stakes and was fifth at Haydock, nearly three lengths in front of Eastern Purple. He is an obvious danger but may find his middle draw too difficult to overcome.

Lone Piper, who has been tried in much tougher company, is another major threat following his back-to-form victory in good style at York but preference is for Eastern

Purple (4.05) who should be given a good lead by front-runner Selhurst Park Flyer in the adjacent stall.

Almasi (2.55) makes plenty of appeal in the Ayr Silver Cup and may well start somewhat shorter than the 10-1 generally available this morning.

She was second in this race last year and looks to have been trained specifically with a return visit in mind.

Almasi comes here on a 1lb lower mark than last year and after having been ridden by an inexperienced claimer on her last three outings should improve on what she has shown so far this term with Gary Hind on board.

Almasi has also been given what may prove a favourable draw just two off the stands' rails with the confirmed front-runner Flyer also drawn high in stall 22.

John Dunlop's Qazaneen (2.25) got the better of Blue Melody in a nursery at Doncaster's Leger meeting last week when the front two pulled well clear.

Generous Libra (3.00) is in the form of his life and should have the race run to suit in the Courage Handicap at Newbury where a strong pace is guaranteed.

Ebadiyla set for second Classic

LAST year's Irish Oaks winner Ebadiyla (3.50) can add the Irish St Leger to her big-race collection at The Curragh this afternoon, writes Tony Paley.

She was third to Silver Patriarch in the Coronation Cup at Epsom in June

but, on softer ground and over today's longer trip, should be capable of turning the tables.

Silver Patriarch has been below-par of late but will be better suited by the stiffer test of stamina he faces now on his last three runs.

Ayr runners and riders

TONY PALEY	TOP FORM
1.50	Joyeuse Flyer
2.55	Almasi (nb)
3.00	Silence Reigns
4.05	Eastern Purple (nap)
5.10	Tolman Dancer

Left-handed track, relatively flat, of 11km with 41 run-in, straight six furlongs. Going: Good to Soft. Soft in places. Denotes blinkers. Top form ratings. Draw: High numbers favoured in sprints. Several days' rest. Major: Almasi, Ebadiyla, Joyeuse Flyer, Silver Patriarch. Blanked first time: 4.05 Daring Lady, White Heart, 4.40 Jock Knight, 5.10 Ashleigh Baker. Viewed: 2.55 Mr. Morgan. Figures in brackets after horse's name denote days since last outing. J. Jumps.

1.50 TULIP COMPUTERS E.B.F. NOVICE STAKES 2YO	1m 5.04.04 (3 declared)
1.11	412 Joyeuse Flyer (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
2.55	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
3.00	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
4.05	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
5.10	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4

2.25 FAUCETS FIRST FIFTH OF CLYDE STAKES 2YO	1m 5.11.43 (10 declared)
1.11	21111 Almasi (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
2.55	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
3.00	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
4.05	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
5.10	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4

2.55 LAUREL AYS SILVER CUP HANDICAP	1m 5.11.43 (10 declared)
1.11	21111 Almasi (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
2.55	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
3.00	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
4.05	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
5.10	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4

3.25 PEUGOT DOONDS CUP	1m 5.11.43 (10 declared)
1.11	21111 Almasi (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
2.55	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
3.00	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
4.05	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
5.10	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4

4.05 LAUREL AYS GOLD CUP HANDICAP	1m 5.11.43 (10 declared)
1.11	21111 Almasi (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
2.55	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
3.00	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
4.05	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
5.10	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4

7.00 EXCALIBUR MAIDEN HANDICAP	1m 5.11.43 (10 declared)
1.11	21111 Almasi (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
2.55	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
3.00	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
4.05	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
5.10	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4

7.30 CAMELOT CLASSIFIED STAKES	1m 5.11.43 (10 declared)
1.11	21111 Almasi (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
2.55	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
3.00	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
4.05	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
5.10	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4

8.00 JOUSTING HANDICAP	1m 5.11.43 (10 declared)
1.11	21111 Almasi (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
2.55	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
3.00	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
4.05	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
5.10	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4

8.30 E.B.F. GUMWEE MAIDEN STAKES 2YO	1m 5.11.43 (10 declared)
1.11	21111 Almasi (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
2.55	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
3.00	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
4.05	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
5.10	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4

9.30 KING ARTHUR HANDICAP	1m 5.11.43 (10 declared)
1.11	21111 Almasi (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
2.55	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
3.00	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
4.05	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
5.10	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4

9.30 KING ARTHUR HANDICAP	1m 5.11.43 (10 declared)
1.11	21111 Almasi (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
2.55	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
3.00	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
4.05	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
5.10	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4

Newbury Jackpot card

TONY PALEY	TOP FORM
2.00	Manorham
3.00	Generous Libra
4.00	Almasi
5.00	Almasi
6.00	Almasi

Left-handed, 10m7 track with 51 run-in and undulating straight mile. Going: Good. Denotes blinkers. Top form ratings. Draw: High numbers favoured in sprints. Several days' rest. Major: Almasi, Ebadiyla, Joyeuse Flyer, Silver Patriarch. Blanked first time: 4.05 Daring Lady, White Heart, 4.40 Jock Knight, 5.10 Ashleigh Baker. Viewed: 2.55 Mr. Morgan. Figures in brackets after horse's name denote days since last outing. J. Jumps.

2.00 MANORHAM	1m 5.11.43 (10 declared)
1.11	21111 Almasi (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
2.55	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
3.00	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
4.05	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
5.10	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4

3.00 GENEROUS LIBRA	1m 5.11.43 (10 declared)
1.11	21111 Almasi (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
2.55	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
3.00	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
4.05	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
5.10	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4

4.00 ALMASI	1m 5.11.43 (10 declared)
1.11	21111 Almasi (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
2.55	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
3.00	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
4.05	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
5.10	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4

5.00 ALMASI	1m 5.11.43 (10 declared)
1.11	21111 Almasi (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
2.55	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
3.00	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
4.05	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
5.10	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4

6.00 ALMASI	1m 5.11.43 (10 declared)
1.11	21111 Almasi (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
2.55	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
3.00	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
4.05	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
5.10	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4

7.00 EXCALIBUR MAIDEN HANDICAP	1m 5.11.43 (10 declared)
1.11	21111 Almasi (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
2.55	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
3.00	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
4.05	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
5.10	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4

7.30 CAMELOT CLASSIFIED STAKES	1m 5.11.43 (10 declared)
1.11	21111 Almasi (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
2.55	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
3.00	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
4.05	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
5.10	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4

8.00 JOUSTING HANDICAP	1m 5.11.43 (10 declared)
1.11	21111 Almasi (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
2.55	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
3.00	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
4.05	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
5.10	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4

8.30 E.B.F. GUMWEE MAIDEN STAKES 2YO	1m 5.11.43 (10 declared)
1.11	21111 Almasi (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
2.55	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
3.00	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
4.05	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
5.10	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4

9.30 KING ARTHUR HANDICAP	1m 5.11.43 (10 declared)
1.11	21111 Almasi (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
2.55	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
3.00	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
4.05	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
5.10	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4

9.30 KING ARTHUR HANDICAP	1m 5.11.43 (10 declared)
1.11	21111 Almasi (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
2.55	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
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4.05	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
5.10	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4

Newbury Jackpot card

TONY PALEY	TOP FORM
2.00	Manorham
3.00	Generous Libra
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5.00	Almasi
6.00	Almasi

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1.11	21111 Almasi (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
2.55	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
3.00	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
4.05	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
5.10	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4

3.00 GENEROUS LIBRA	1m 5.11.43 (10 declared)
1.11	21111 Almasi (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
2.55	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
3.00	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
4.05	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
5.10	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4

4.00 ALMASI	1m 5.11.43 (10 declared)
1.11	21111 Almasi (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
2.55	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
3.00	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
4.05	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
5.10	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4

5.00 ALMASI	1m 5.11.43 (10 declared)
1.11	21111 Almasi (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
2.55	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
3.00	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
4.05	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
5.10	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4

6.00 ALMASI	1m 5.11.43 (10 declared)
1.11	21111 Almasi (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
2.55	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
3.00	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
4.05	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
5.10	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4

7.00 EXCALIBUR MAIDEN HANDICAP	1m 5.11.43 (10 declared)
1.11	21111 Almasi (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
2.55	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
3.00	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
4.05	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
5.10	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4

7.30 CAMELOT CLASSIFIED STAKES	1m 5.11.43 (10 declared)
1.11	21111 Almasi (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
2.55	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
3.00	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
4.05	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
5.10	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4

8.00 JOUSTING HANDICAP	1m 5.11.43 (10 declared)
1.11	21111 Almasi (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
2.55	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
3.00	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
4.05	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
5.10	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4

8.30 E.B.F. GUMWEE MAIDEN STAKES 2YO	1m 5.11.43 (10 declared)
1.11	21111 Almasi (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
2.55	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
3.00	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
4.05	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
5.10	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4

9.30 KING ARTHUR HANDICAP	1m 5.11.43 (10 declared)
1.11	21111 Almasi (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
2.55	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
3.00	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
4.05	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
5.10	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4

9.30 KING ARTHUR HANDICAP	1m 5.11.43 (10 declared)
1.11	21111 Almasi (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
2.55	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4
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5.10	Almasi (nb) (2) (5) J. Dunlop 5-4

HORSE SENSE

Written by those in the know

CLIVE BRITTAIN has always had a high opinion of Lone Piper and ran him in top-class races as a two-year-old. Like a lot of the Newmarket trainers' horses he didn't sparkle in midsummer when the stable was completely out of form.

However, there was a lot to like about the colt's recent win at York and on the evidence of that coupled with good reports of his recent work at home he should give a good account in today's Ayr Gold Cup.

David Nicholls has carved out an excellent reputation as a trainer of sprint handicappers and his runners in the big five- and six-furlong events are always worth close consideration.

Nicholls is also renowned for his ability to improve horses that come under his care and Royal Result, who runs in the Ayr Silver Cup, is a case in point.

